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## LITERATURE.

*Recollections of a Military Life.* By General Sir John Adye. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

I HAVE read this volume with no ordinary pleasure and profit. Sir John Adye is not a great soldier, though he has had a distinguished career in arms; but he fulfils the ideal of an excellent British officer. He is versed in the details of his mighty arm; has a true military eye and strong common sense; has given proof of skill and resource in the field; is utterly devoid of rodomontade and swagger, common faults in the "beaux sabreurs" of France; above all, he has shown, like the warriors of Rome, of whom Agricola was the most perfect type, the faculty of understanding subject races, of perceiving how they should be ruled and managed, and of sympathising with their tendencies and ways, which British soldiers of note have not always possessed. These reminiscences extend over more than sixty years; they comprise a record of manifold service, with a large experience of military affairs in the East, and in several parts of our empire. The sketches of the Crimean War are hardly novel or striking; but they contain particulars that deserve attention. The account of one or two scenes of the great Indian Mutiny is graphic, and vividly recalls those days; the same may be said of other passages of Indian warfare, and especially of the description of the campaign of Tel el-Kebir, an intelligent and well-told narrative. There is also an interesting chapter on Gibraltar, and on the associations relating to the place; and the author's views on the reforms in our army which have taken place in the last twenty-five years, and on the organisation of our national forces, if perhaps questionable in some respects, are instructive, and will repay study. What has struck me most, however, in the work is the excellence of Sir John Adye's judgment in the policy he advocates for our Indian Empire—his true perception of the causes of the outbreak of 1857, the soundness of his conclusions as to the true modes of government and administration in Indian affairs, of ruling the dependent millions in the great Peninsula. His reflections on this subject breathe the same spirit as those of Wellington in his Indian Despatches.

Sir John was born in 1820, and became a cadet at Woolwich when in his fourteenth year. He passed his examination with credit, and is over modest in his remark "that there was fortunately no competition in those days." A passage in his life at Woolwich may appear strange to the generation that has since grown up; but

challenges to fight duels were not wholly unknown among the youth of these islands fifty years ago: I well recollect one myself when a schoolboy.

"The head of my room was the late General William Gardner, R.A. He was at that time about twenty-one years of age, and having quarrelled with another cadet, who was a good fighter with his fists, a meeting was arranged in the racquet court. . . . I, as junior of the room, was ordered to prepare the bullets for the duel. . . . These serious preparations led to some arrangement, and the affair never came off."

The first years of young Adye's service were the piping times of the long peace; promotion in the Artillery was extremely slow. Many Peninsula men held commands in the army when the expedition to the Crimea began; indeed, Lord Raglan had distinguished himself at Waterloo. Adye was a Brigade-Major at the opening of the campaign: his reminiscences of it are of real value, for he was a good deal in Lord Raglan's confidence, and evidently acquitted himself very well. Kinglake's invectives against St. Arnaud are unfair. The Marshal was a prey to cruel disease, but, at the last moment, he feared the projected descent:

"Admiral Dundas visited St. Arnaud, who, at the time, was very ill and in great pain, and unable to converse. He handed the Admiral a paper without signature, in which it was urged that it would be too hazardous to land in the face of a powerful enemy having a numerous cavalry."

Adye differs from Hamley and the best authorities in thinking that the attack at the Alma was rightly conceived: it appears probable that had a great effort been made by the allied left and left centre the Russians, very inferior in numbers as they were, would have been driven towards the sea, under the fire of the allied fleets. Sir John repeats the old story of line against column. These formations have become a thing of the past, but it was the Roman legion against the Greek phalanx over again: the extended, but thin, front prevailed over the dense mass, but only because it contained the more steady troops:

"As the English line approached the Russian columns, its formation—straggling and irregular as it was—enabled it to open a continuous line of fire. The enemy's forces could be seen opening out and endeavouring to deploy; but it was too late—our regiments were down upon them. Then the Russian masses began to shake."

Adye says that Sir John Burgoyne advised the march to the south of Sebastopol, leaving the north behind; this, as I recollect, has not been stated before. But it is well known that Burgoyne perceived from the first, with more insight than the French engineers, that the Malakoff was the key of the fortress. Adye dwells at length on the vicissitudes of the great siege; but I can only touch on a few points in the narrative. He rather blames Nolan for the fate of the heroic Six Hundred; he shows clearly how a mistake of Soimonoff perhaps saved the Allies at Inkermann, magnificent as were the deeds of our infantry. He describes the horrors of the winter of 1854-5; but exculpates Lord Raglan, certainly less to blame than

the faulty military system and improvidence at home. Lord Raglan felt bitterly the clamour that hounded him down: "He replied, smiling, perhaps rather bitterly, 'Return home! I shall never return home. Why, I should be stoned to death before I could get to Stanhope-street.'"

This volume dwells on the operations against Sebastopol, but hardly notices the vigour and skill of the defence. Sir John scoffs at Louis Napoleon's idea, that the Russians should have been attacked in the field, and the siege turned into a mere blockade; but this plan was correct in principle, bad as plans formed at a distance are. Like many soldiers, he rather admires Péliéssier; but Péliéssier made very grave mistakes, as Lord Raglan very well knew. All that can be said is, that he clung to Sebastopol tenaciously, as a hound to its prey; and this was better than hesitation in command due to the Emperor's and Canrobert's disputes. Sir John tells us some curious anecdotes about this rugged and plain-spoken soldier, for which I must refer to his narrative. Sebastopol was a mere ruin when it fell at last. Moltke was doubtless right in observing that had Russia not been exhausted, the gain was simply nothing. This, indeed, was admitted by Péliéssier himself.

"The corner occupied by the allied armies formed a bad base for operations in the field. Marshal Péliéssier, obstinate and determined as ever, would have none of it, and wrote to Paris: 'Thank God, it is not difficulties which frighten me. . . . But here the situation is not the same. I see the obstacles, but I do not perceive the success, nor even the hope of it.'"

The siege, in fact, wore out the strength of Russia, and the power of the Allies at sea decided the contest; but their strategy from first to last is not to be admired. They might have been discomfited had the Czar made a great and desperate effort.

Adye was in India from 1857 to 1866, during the Mutiny and the period that followed. He was not present at Delhi or Lucknow. He served under Windham at Cawnpore, and speaks highly of an officer at the time maligned. His chief military occupation in those years was the reorganisation, as supreme director of the artillery force, of the Indian armies. This required much discernment and tact, but he acquitted himself well in a difficult task. His reminiscences of India—beside a chapter on a "little war" along the Afghan frontier, which cost much treasure and many valuable lives—are, however, of an interest of a different kind. Adye belongs to the school of right-minded Englishmen—the Duke and the Lawrences were the leaders of these—who have always perceived that in our rule in India a policy of justice and conciliation, of avoiding shocking feelings of race and caste, of keeping English arrogance and oppression down, of making our yoke in India as easy as possible, should be the object pursued by our statesmen. All that he has written on this subject is very good; but I can do little more than refer to his work. The following, on the causes which made the Sepoys and large parts of India disloyal, illustrates the just and intelligent turn of his mind:

"Our intentions throughout were, doubtless,

good. We introduced sound laws for the people, though not, perhaps, always in accordance with their customs and prejudices. We also gave them security of life and property, such as they had not enjoyed for centuries; and to some extent we promoted education and commerce and more general prosperity. These benefits are by no means ignored. But, on the other hand, in our advance across the great continent, we had dethroned kings, upset hereditary princes, and had removed from positions of authority not only men of high caste, great possessions, and ancient lineage, but also men of vast influence, religious and other, and often of great ability and courage. These all found themselves pushed aside and superseded, while the various races of people, Hindu and Mohammedan, constantly perceived that their ancient leaders were gone, but that their new governors were aliens in race, religion, language, and customs."

This passage, too, as what ought to be our policy in India at this day, is wise and enlightened :

"We have given the people internal peace, sound laws, and safety of life and property, such as they have never enjoyed before; but we cannot stand still. Enlightenment and the diffusion of what is called education are gravely affecting the character of the people; and it is not sufficient to guarantee them a mere peaceful existence: we must look forward to the results as they develop, and as we commence by a bold policy to subjugate a vast continent, so we must equally boldly be prepared to trust the people, and gradually to elevate ranks and classes to take part in the political, civil, and military events as they arise. By consistently and courageously following out such a policy, we shall present a noble spectacle to the world of a great, prosperous, and, what is more, an enduring empire established by England in the East. We have, indeed, but one course to pursue."

Sir John, on his return to England, was an able assistant of Mr. Cardwell in the great questions of reform in our army arising after the war of 1870-71. Mr. Cardwell's views have not been fully carried out; in the highest departments of the service there is much to find fault with.

"The War Office is now divided into two branches: the one military, with great responsibilities; the other civil and financial, with great power. In my judgment, should war occur, such a system would inevitably break down at once. . . . Lord Hartington's Commission consider that the present organisation of the War Office is defective in principle, and then go on to recommend that the heads of departments should be directly associated with the Minister for War—in short, a board of officers, such as now exist at the Admiralty."

Adye is a great admirer of short service and of our present system of military reserves: he adduces valuable proofs on the subject. But he does not point out that our arrangements are a caricature of those of Germany and France—the base of the edifice, conscription, being absent. We do not obtain the best men as officers, for the learned professions draw off these; our existing military organisation has left us weaker, compared with other Powers, than we have been for a century.

Adye was Governor of Woolwich from 1875 to 1880, when he was made Surveyor-General of the Ordnance, having previously devoted much attention to the great question of modern artillery, as to which he evidently

clung to muzzle loaders to the last. He has given us an excellent chapter on the Afghan War of 1878. He examines the subject of the advance of Russia towards India, and is convinced that it ought not to cause us alarm; and he deprecates meddling and worrying in Afghan affairs, here again following the Duke and the Lawrences:

"Our policy should be one of conciliation and of subsidies; and although in dealing with half-civilised chiefs and tribes the beneficial results are achieved slowly, still, year by year, a patient and forbearing policy will bear good fruit, and, indeed, is now doing so in a marked degree. . . . Our principle for years past has been that Afghanistan should be strong, friendly, and independent."

Sir John was with Lord Wolseley in the campaign of Tel el-Kebir, in what capacity does not exactly appear. His account of that passage of arms is the best we have read. Lord Wolseley may not be a great captain, for he has never been tried in European warfare; but on this occasion he showed marked ability, first in turning to account the base of the sea, and in taking the true strategic line; and secondly, in annihilating his defeated enemy, conduct which explodes the dictum of Moltke, that operations like these are the mere "thoughts of novices," such novices, forsooth, as the conqueror of Jena. Adye was made Governor of Gibraltar after this campaign. His account of the fortress is good and instructive. He decidedly advocates our retention of the key of the Mediterranean:

"On the whole, although the position of Gibraltar may not be in all respects an ideal one, its general conditions remain very much as they always have been; and to a great naval, colonial, and commercial nation such as Great Britain, it is of the highest value, not only in war, but also in peace."

The anecdotes in this volume are many, but I can only find space for two. The following illustrates the distinction between the temper of the Celt and of the Teuton in war :

"One French soldier, looking over the parapet, said to his comrade, 'Alphonse, êtes vous prêt?' 'Oui, mon ami, toujours prêt.' 'Et bien! allons faire la guerre; they both jumped up and fired away through the loopholes at the Russians. . . . An English soldier coming on duty was heard to say to his comrade, 'Well, Jim, what's the orders at this post?' Jim replied, 'Why, the orders is you're never to leave it till you're killed, and if you see any other man leaving it, you're to kill him.'

I have outrun my limits, and can only add that this record of the life and service of an excellent, modest, and just minded soldier is rich in interest of many kinds.

WILLIAM O'CONNOR MORRIS.

*Poems.* By Lionel Johnson. (Elkin Mathews.)

THESE poems, if I mistake not, have been promised for a year or two, and looked forward to with great interest by a good many people: particularly by the widening circle to whom they are dedicated—the Wykehamical body. Some of them have already seen the light: the dedicatory poem entitled "Winchester"; the ad-

mirable verses (pp. 7-9) called "In Falmouth Harbour"; the lines on "The Statue of King Charles at Charing Cross" (pp. 12, 13); "Oxford Nights" (pp. 87-9)—these, at all events, seem to me familiar, and doubtless some others ought to be so. But still, most of the book will be new to every reader of it, and all of it to a great many; nor do I think that it will be a disappointment to any. If I may be allowed to give a general opinion in a form as little contentious as possible, I should say that Mr. Johnson is a better writer of verse than of prose: the polyglot allusiveness of his book on Thomas Hardy seems to me a real fault, to which I find no counterpart in his verses. But then one must remember that the art of good prose is subtle and laborious to almost every one; while that of verse is, to certain minds—Mr. Johnson's is one of them—comparatively easy.

On one point of usage, Mr. Johnson or any other man may, of course, claim to be a law to himself. His dedication and the dedicatory poem that immediately follows it commend his verses to that fervently patriotic, but not, perhaps, acutely poetic community, the past and present members of an ancient public school. That is well and touching; but it is with a sort of bewilderment that one finds most of the other poems—there are between eighty and ninety in all—headed with personal dedications to various friends. I can well believe that many, perhaps most, poems have this personal element about them, and that the knowledge that it is so may be very acceptable to a friend. But that such pleasure can be increased by the communication of the secret to the outside world, sure to exercise a languid and futile curiosity upon it, I find hard to believe. Mr. Johnson knows all about "the precept of silence": it is difficult to read the exquisite little poem called by that name (p. 20) without wishing that the feeling of the last stanza had been applied to literature and curbed these multifarious dedications:

"Some players upon plaintive strings  
Publish their wistfulness abroad:  
I have not spoken of these things,  
Save to one man, and unto God."

In endeavouring to estimate the poetic merit of the volume, I must perforce put aside the purely theological or devotional poems interspersed throughout. Such poems as that on p. 99, and that on p. 81, and others resembling them, are naturally, by the author, judged by an incommunicable canon. There is much to be said, I think, in favour of collecting poems of this type, rather than interspersing them among others of a different note. But here also, I have no doubt, Mr. Johnson will not regard me as demurring to his freedom in the matter, nor as suffering under a querulous influenza of *odium theologicum*. I take no sort of exception to the poems, but only doubt about their "setting."

That the rest of the poems are of very various merit goes without saying. That they have been thoroughly sifted, wheat from chaff, one feels it hard to believe, when one finds so poor a piece of work as "A Song of Israel" (p. 66) actually side by side with "The Dark Angel," a poem

of quite extraordinary power, describing the "venomous spirit," the haunting cynical counterpart of every human fancy and aspiration, the dark angel with the "aching lust to rid the world of penitence." It is too long to quote in its fulness—but the last two stanzas form a very striking close :

" Dark angel, with thine aching lust !  
Of two defeats, of two despairs,  
Less dread, a change to drifting dust,  
Than thine eternity of cares.  
Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not so,  
Dark angel ! triumph over me :  
Lonely, unto the lone I go ;  
Divine, to the Divinity."

But the extract does not really do it justice; the power is in the whole poem.

But if I were bidden to choose the most perfect and enjoyable verses in the book, I would unhesitatingly vote for "Sertorius" (p. 112-114). Mr. Johnson has done real poetic justice to that strangely attractive figure, to his romantic resolve, and the curious legend that clings round his memory. I am sure that readers of the ACADEMY will be glad to see even fragmentary extracts of this touching poem :

" Beyond the straits of Hercules,  
Behold ! the strange Heberian seas,  
A glittering waste at break of dawn :  
High on the westward plunging prow,  
What dreams are on thy spirit now,  
Sertorius of the milk-white fawn ?  
" Not sorrow, to have done with home !  
The mourning destinies of Rome  
Have exiled Rome's last hope with thee :  
Nor dost thou think on thy lost Spain.  
What stirs thee on the unknown main ?  
What wilt thou from the virgin sea ?  
" Hailed by the faithless voice of Spain,  
The lightning warrior come again,  
Where wilt thou seek the flash of swords,  
Voyaging toward the set of sun ?  
Though Rome the splendid East hath won,  
Here thou wilt find no Roman lords . . . .  
" Nay ! this thy secret will must be.  
Over the visionary sea,  
Thy sails are set for perfect rest :  
Surely thy pure and holy fawn  
Hath whispered of an ancient lawn,  
Far hidden down the solemn West.  
" A gracious pleasureance of calm things ;  
There rose-leaves fall by rippling springs :  
And captains of the older time,  
Touched with mild light, or gently sleep,  
Or in the orchard shadows keep  
Old friendships of the golden prime . . . .  
" Dreams ! for they slew thee : Dreams ! they lured  
Thee down to death and doom assured :  
And we were proud to fall with thee.  
Now, shadows of the men we were,  
Westward indeed we voyage here  
Unto the end of all the sea.  
" Woe ! for the fatal festal board :  
Woe ! for the signal of the sword,  
The wine-cup dashed upon the ground :  
We are but sad, eternal ghosts,  
Passing far off from human coasts,  
To the wan land eternal bound."

One or two modern influences show themselves in the style of that; but the vision is Mr. Johnson's own, and it is surely a noble one. Here, at all events, and in one or two other poems, he shakes off the burden of too much introspection. There is, perhaps, equal, or even superior, power in two other and longer poems—"Gwynedd" and "A Cornish Night" (pp. 22-30)—but, deeply as I admire them, their subjective note fails to fascinate in the same degree as "Sertorius" does.

Beyond doubt, Mr. Johnson is a careful craftsman of his verses; unless I am mistaken, there is hardly a weak rhyme or a prosy cadence—though there are some few fantastic ones : this is to serve the Muse loyally. He will, no doubt, go his own way, mainly indifferent to uninspired criticism. But the impression his book leaves on one reader's mind is this : that his longer poems are better than his "short swallow-flights of song"; that he is at his best when he is most forgetful of his own personality. May not this point to a fresh task for him ? May not dramatic writing be, what dramatic reading has so often been, the proper cure for too much "subjectivity," too much pre-occupation with theology (authorised or unauthorised), too fretful a consciousness of one's own immortal soul ?

E. D. A. MORSHEAD.

*The Sceptics of the Old Testament : Job, Koheleth, Agur.* By E. J. Dillon. (Isbister.)

DR. DILLON seems afraid lest the word "sceptics" in his title should give offence; but we are disposed to doubt whether he need cherish such an apprehension. It is quite conceivable that a book entitled "The Sceptics of the Old Testament" might be concerned with the history of those whose doubt or disbelief was followed by disastrous consequences, or with sceptics whose scepticism was but temporary, like that of the author of the seventy-third Psalm, and, according to some interpreters, that of the author of Ecclesiastes. The word "scepticism," moreover, is not necessarily of sinister meaning; and there is no valid reason why honest doubt and inquiry, or even the *σώφρων διατρία* commended by the Greek poet, should not have as good a claim to a place in the canon of inspiration as imprecatory psalms or certain prudential maxims included in the Book of Proverbs. So far we make no objection. But when we read, also on the title-page, with reference to Job, Ecclesiastes, and the thirtieth chapter of the Proverbs, that Dr. Dillon presents us with an "English text translated for the first time from the primitive Hebrew as restored on the basis of recent philological discoveries," the statement is fitted to excite astonishment. If, as is not unlikely, the reader desires a closer acquaintance with this "primitive Hebrew," we are afraid that he will be disappointed. At least, we have not met with any indication of the place where it is to be found; and, notwithstanding Dr. Dillon's assertion that it has been now "translated for the first time," we are inclined to be "sceptical" even as to its existence.

The *Contemporary Review* for February of last year contained an article by Dr. Dillon entitled "Ecclesiastes and Buddhism"—in great measure included in the present work. Apart from its literary ability, the chief reason for the attention accorded to that article was its presentation in English of Prof. Bickell's theory concerning the manner in which the text of Ecclesiastes became so singularly disordered as he alleges it to be. Of this disorder—the existence of which

some critics do not allow—Dr. Dillon uses such expressions as "the irrelevancy of which is suggestive of the ravings of a delirious fever-patient," "the incoherent ravings of a disordered mind," "argument which made Tenterden Steeple the cause of Goodwin Sands," &c. For this supposed disorder, which other scholars regard as the fruit of mere sciolism, Prof. Bickell invented an ingenious hypothetical cause. He supposed that Ecclesiastes was originally written in the codex or book-form adopted in modern times; that the leaves became loose and detached; were then picked up and put together again without reference to the original order. Prof. Bickell added—and the addition, though subordinate, was very necessary—that the text had suffered from interpolations introduced into it at various times and for various reasons. Euringer, however, in his treatise on the text of Ecclesiastes, aptly proposes what may be regarded as "the previous question": Is there any probability that the codex form would be employed for a literary manuscript at so early a date as Bickell's theory requires? To this question he answers, that it is in the highest degree improbable that any other than the usual roll-form would be employed. And he alludes to the fact, without, however, laying undue stress upon it, that the place of Ecclesiastes in the Old Testament is in the section known as "The five rolls." Certainly the codex or modern book-form had not come into vogue for literary works even as late as the time of Martial (towards the end of the first century). Otherwise it is probable that, for convenience sake, this form would have been adopted in the case of short poems like Martial's Epigrams. But these we know, from his express statements, were published on papyrus rolls with *umbilici* and *frontes pumicatae*. Dr. Dillon gives us neither proof nor probable evidence as to the codex form being employed in the case of Ecclesiastes. We are to be content, it seems, with Prof. Bickell's worse than rickety hypothesis, propped up by other hypotheses equally unreliable, with respect to additions and interpolations. Yet such, evidently, are the "recent philological discoveries" on which is based the "primitive Hebrew" text of Ecclesiastes now "translated for the first time" into English by Dr. Dillon.

Of the places where the present text is said to be disordered, considerations of space forbid us to notice more than one. Dr. Dillon says :

" Chap. x. 1 in the present text is wholly corrupt, owing to the circumstance that several interpolations were inserted in it at a later date. Now a little reflection suffices to show that these additions consist of words taken from chap. vii. 1."

As to "several interpolations" being inserted in x. 1, it may be said that in the two verses cited there are only two identical words to be found in both. These words are *shemen* "oil" or "ointment" and *maveth* "death." If "these additions" were removed from x. 1 what remains would be nonsense. Moreover, the alleged "later date" of "interpolation" must have been before the Septuagint translation was made.

And, finally, both verses are in their right places in the present text, notwithstanding any difficulty which either the one or the other may present. The damage wrought by creatures so small and insignificant as "dead flies" (x. 1) clearly resembles the evil spoken of in the previous verse (ix. 18) as done by "one sinner," who can "destroy much good."

The seeming want of method in Ecclesiastes resembles the language of the book, in marking an approach to Rabbinism. The author of Ecclesiastes, like the Rabbinical writers, delights in subtleties of connexion and seemingly sharp transitions. Probably, as Prof. Cornill observes, he did not even desire to give a formal system of doctrine, and it is not for us to try to put him in a strait jacket (*Zwangsjacke*).

When Dr. Dillon treats of the Buddhism of Ecclesiastes he apparently leaves the company of his friend Prof. Bickell. "I cannot," he says, "divest myself of the notion that Koheleth was acquainted, and to some extent imbued, with the doctrines of Gautama Buddha." Koheleth is supposed to have written in Alexandria, and there to have imbibed the Buddhist doctrine. But, in accordance with what has just been said, the affinities of Ecclesiastes are with Palestinian Rabbinism. The book displays no impress of Alexandrianism. Whether Buddhism did or did not at an early period obtain numerous disciples in Alexandria, it is unnecessary to inquire. The problem of Ecclesiastes, concerned with God and the moral government of the world, is not Buddhist. The book has no *Nirvana*, no Buddhist hells, no doctrine of transmigration, and no trace of the peculiar and characteristic sentiments of the Buddhists concerning the lower animals. Pessimism there is, no doubt (cf. Eccles. iv. 1-3), but this is not to be identified specially with Buddhist pessimism.

In his *Contemporary* article Dr. Dillon took as his motto (and repeats in the present work) the verses of Theognis, *Ἄρχεν μὲν μῆν φύει ἐπιχθονίουν ἀριστον, κ.τ.λ.*, which Frere translated :

"Not to be born—never to see the sun—  
No worldly blessing is a greater one;  
And the next best is speedily to die,  
And leap beneath a load of earth to lie."

Dr. Dillon is not the first writer who has quoted Theognis in connexion with Ecclesiastes. And, indeed, if one were disposed to search in Theognis for parallels to Ecclesiastes, a theory might perhaps be devised, not less plausible, probably more so, than that of Dr. Dillon concerning the connexion of Ecclesiastes with Buddhism. Such a theory would at least come nearer to the fact that the book shows clear evidence of Greek influence. Cornill rightly regards it as a product of the fermentation which entered into the Jewish community on the invasion of Hellenism; and asserts that, whether the book does or does not display immediate knowledge and direct dependence on Greek philosophy, so much appears certain—that a Jewish intellect could only have produced such a work when rendered fruitful by Greek thought, or at least when under its influence. Kuenen, in the posthumous portion of his *Onderzoek*, takes a similar

view, referring particularly to the calm philosophical caudour which Ecclesiastes displays.

While, with regard to Ecclesiastes, it may be maintained on reasonable grounds that we have the book at least substantially as it left the writer's hands, the evidence with respect to the integrity of the text of Job is not nearly so strong. With regard to the Septuagint version of Job, Dr. Dillon says extravagantly: "The extrinsic value of this work is obvious from the fact that it enables us to construct a text which is centuries older than that of which all our Hebrew MSS. are servile copies." On the other hand, Prof. Margoliouth has said recently of this translation of the Book, that it "is for the most part too free to be of any use for the criticism of the text, and too ignorant to be of any help in interpreting it" (Smith's Dictionary, new edition). This is perhaps a little too strong; but Job is one of the books with regard to which Sir Henry Howorth is likely to experience great difficulty in practically applying the principles which he has ably set forth in the ACADEMY.

But before the Septuagint translation was made, Jewish theologians, according to Dr. Dillon, had been at work on the text of Job, expunging some passages, or toning down or altering others, so as to make Job an advocate of the doctrine of worldly retribution. But, if this was the case, it is manifest that these theologians must have performed their work very imperfectly. Nor is this all. It would seem that, according to Dr. Dillon, the epilogue (xlii. 7-17) is more ancient than the poetical part of the book: yet the censors have left untouched Jehovah's declaration (vv. 7, 8) that Job had spoken what was right, in contrast to Eliphaz and his two friends, the defenders of the divine administration, who had incurred Jehovah's anger. Here, surely, there must have been a marvellous oversight on the part of these theological censors.

As a specimen of Dr. Dillon's translation, the first portion of the poetical part (chap. iii. 1 *sqq.*) may be given:

"I.  
"Would the day had perished wherein I was born,  
And the night which said: behold a man child!  
Would that God on high had not called for it,  
And that light had not shone upon it!"

"II.  
"Would that darkness and gloom had claimed it  
for their own;  
Would that clouds had hovered over it,  
Would it never had been joined to the days of  
the year,  
Nor entered into the number of months!"

"III.  
"Would that that night had been barren  
And that rejoicing had not come therein,  
That they had cursed it who curse the days,  
That the stars of its twilight had waxed dim!"

To comment here in detail is impossible; but it must be observed how tame and frigid is, "Would the day had perished," &c., referring to the past. Certainly also this rendering is inconsistent with the Hebrew tense employed. Jeremiah's malediction (xx. 14) refers more to the past than Job's. When Job "cursed his day" he personified it. In his view the days of the

year are conceived of as a company or chorus dancing, probably hand in hand, like the *Horae* of the Greek mythology (cf. ver. 6). Into this festive company Job's birthday is not to come.

The lines quoted may suffice to show how Job has been "put into the strait jacket." "The entire poem," we are told, "is composed on a regular plan, and consists exclusively of four-line strophes." But neither in the Hebrew, nor in the Septuagint, does the book readily conform to this "regular plan." Well, if the theory and the facts do not agree, "so much the worse for the facts." Refractory lines or verses must disappear or change their place. Yet this is the way in which we are to arrive at the "primitive Hebrew." Dr. Dillon says in one place that the book as we find it is "a mosaic." This may be admitted, though in a sense different from that which he intends. Probably Proverbs, Job, and Ecclesiastes all owe their origin to the discussions in the ancient Hebrew academies or schools of wisdom, though there is, perhaps, no indubitable trace of these academies, at least, before the time of Sirach. Thus Job may be to a great extent "a mosaic."

Want of space compels us to pass over the sayings of "Agur the Agnostic," who, according to Dr. Dillon, had "worried himself about God," simply expressing our inability to accept either this translation or the conjectural reading from which it is derived.

It would have been pleasant to speak more favourably of Dr. Dillon's work. Its daring theories and slashing style may gain for it some notoriety, and it may obtain increased attention for portions of the Old Testament which have some special interest in these days of prevailing pessimism.

THOMAS TYLER.

*Le Folk-lore de Lesbos.* Par G. Georgeakis et Léon Pineau. (Paris: Maisonneuve.)

THIS is a very interesting little volume. Not only do we learn from it that Lesbos, which was the home of Sappho and Alcaeus, and the scene of that last flower of Greek literature, Longus's pastoral romance of *Daphnis and Chloë*, still gives birth to poems and tales; but for the study of folk-lore, and for comparison with other collections of a similar character, its contents are of considerable value. The story of its origin is as follows. A Greek gentleman from Mytilene, M. Georgakis, came to France with the object of learning the French language, and in the course of an intimacy which he formed with M. Pineau, who is already known by his writings on the folk-lore of Poitou, became interested in the subject of popular tales and ballads. Accordingly, when he returned to his native country, he set to work to collect from the mouths of the peasants in Lesbos their traditional literature, and this, translated into French and edited by M. Pineau, forms the material of the present volume. It is divided into three sections, which contain respectively the stories, the songs, and the folk-lore generally; and the contents of these portions are further grouped according to

their affinities into fairy tales, beast fables, satirical stories, &c.; nursery rhymes, songs of love and brigandage, and others; and proverbs, riddles, and superstitions. Here and there, especially in the collection of tales, M. Pineau has noted the resemblances that are traceable to similar stories in other countries; and a few other correspondences will be mentioned in the course of this review. The stories, perhaps, suffer somewhat from their brevity, and the songs would have gained by being metrically rendered, instead of being in rhythmical lines corresponding to those of the original: but we must not expect too much, and, as it is, they are very pleasant reading in the graceful French version.

Among the familiar subjects which occur in popular tales, we find here the "Sleeping Beauty" in the story called *Le Miroir de la Magicienne*, only here it is combined with another fable. No. 8 introduces the man who understands the language of animals, and uses this knowledge to his advantage. The Nereids, who are the fairies of Modern Greek mythology, appear in *Le Mont des Cailloux*, where a Nereid is caught by a young man, who steals the robe in which her power resides—in some stories this is a feather dress or wings—and persuades her to marry him; but afterwards, though she bears him children, yet when she succeeds in regaining her dress she deserts him and disappears. This story of the stealing of the fairy's dress, and the power thus obtained over her, is found, not only in von Hahn's *Griechische Märchen* (No. 83), but in Gonzenbach's *Sicilianische Märchen* (vol. i., p. 31) and Schneller's *Märchen aus Wüschtirol* (p. 73), and even in Bishop Steere's *Suahili Tales*, where it is undoubtedly derived from an Arabian source. Again, the story entitled *Les Quarante Frères* turns on the danger of sleeping by running water or under a solitary tree, owing to the malevolent spirits which haunt such spots; and a similar view of their uncanny character is found in a Greek ballad in Passow's *Carmina Popularia Graeciae recentioris* (No. 525). The satirical stories in the present volume are an unwonted feature, and are not of the usual type of popular tales. The following, called "The Partridge and the Tortoise," which is aimed at the prepossession of parents in favour of their own offspring, is certainly humorous:

"Once upon a time the birds and the rest of the animals used to send their children to school, and at mid-day the mothers used to bring them their meal. Now, on one occasion, the partridge had no time to go there; so, seeing the tortoise, who was getting ready to start, she said to her, ' Neighbour, I am more busy than I can say to-day; would you mind undertaking to carry my young people their breakfast? As we are neighbours, the time may come when I shall be able to do the same by you.' 'Don't mention it,' replied the tortoise, 'I shall be delighted—only, unfortunately, I don't know what your children are like.' 'When you enter the school, look round at them all: mine are the handsomest among them.' So the tortoise took the partridge's provisions and went to the school. When she entered, she raised her head and looked right and left, but could discover no children handsomer than her own; so she gave them not only their own breakfast, but that of the partridge's children as well. And the others had to go without."

Several of the songs which are found in this volume correspond in an interesting manner to those which exist in previous collections. "The Jewish Maiden" (No. 24)—which describes the offer of a Greek to marry a Jewess on condition of her embracing Christianity, and her mother's reply that she would rather she became a Mohammedan than a Christian—appears as the "Ebriopoula" in Passow's collection (Nos. 588 and 589), which poems are derived from Crete and Smyrna. "The Klepht-Maiden" (No. 4), who serves against the Turks in a band of outlaws, and is at last discovered by her jacket bursting and displaying her bosom, is "Diamanto" in Passow (No. 176). It is a study in the oral transmission of ballads to compare the different commencement, the resemblances and variations in the expressions used, and the exact correspondence of certain lines in these two poems. The same remark applies to that entitled "The Cloth-Merchant," in which a travelling merchant is assailed by a band of brigands, and is mortally wounded by one of them, who then discovers that the dying man is his brother. There are two ballads on this subject in Passow (Nos. 487, 488), and it also occurs among those which the present writer obtained from the Greek colony of Cargese in Corsica, and published in the *Journal of Philology* (vol. vi., p. 201). The recognition in this story is brought about by the Klepht's inquiring from the young merchant about his parents. In reply, he says that his father came from Constantinople, but the name which he assigns to his mother's home is given differently in different versions. One of those in Passow reads Γαλαρά—i.e., Galata, the suburb of Pera; while that from Corsica—where the Greek settlers have forgotten the names of places in Greece and Turkey, for two centuries have elapsed since the time of their emigration—gives a corrupt form Γάλινα. The reading in the Lesbian poem supplies what was no doubt the original of this, viz., Γάρινα—i.e., the city of Janina, in Epirus. Another song which deserves especial notice is headed "Le mort qui va chercher sa sœur." The story of this turns on the promise which a son has made to his mother, as a condition of her allowing her only daughter to marry a stranger in a distant land, that he will fetch her home if anything unforeseen occurs. The son dies first, and when calamity arises the mother presents herself at his grave to claim the fulfilment of his promise. Then is described the rising of the spectre, his night ride to fetch his sister, his return with her, during which at intervals the birds, like the chorus in a Greek play, comment on the strangely associated pair, and, finally, their reaching their home, and the meeting and immediate death of the mother and daughter. The whole of this is portrayed with considerable dramatic effect in the Lesbian song; but it is far more beautifully rendered in the poem from Chios on the same subject (No. 517 in Passow), which is perhaps the finest of all the Greek ballads. There are noticeable points of resemblance between it and the description of the night ride in Bürger's poem of "Lenore."

In conclusion, we may add one or two specimens of the proverbs, riddles, and superstitions which are collected in the third part of M. Pineau's volume. As a proverb the following is worth quoting: "Though the tongue has no bones, it can break bones." This is found also among the modern Greeks of Calabria (see Morosi, *I dialetti romai di Bova*, p. 94). As a riddle: "The longer it grows, the shorter it grows: what is that?" Answer: "Life." As a superstition: "It is a sign of rain for a cat to wash its face; and the wind will blow from that quarter to which the cat is turned when it washes its face." Most Englishmen are familiar with the former part of this belief, only with us the cat's paw must pass over the ear, some say the left ear, in order to bring rain. As to the latter part, Mr. Bent tells us in his book on the Cyclades (p. 447) that in the island of Cythnos for a cat to lick herself with her face turned towards the north is considered to be "a sure sign that the wind will soon blow from that dangerous quarter."

H. F. TOZER.

#### NEW NOVELS.

*Fidelis.* By Ada Cambridge. In 3 vols. (Hutchinson.)

*The Curse of Intellect.* (Blackwoods.)

*On Turnham Green: being the Adventures of a Gentleman of the Road.* By C. T. O. James. (Bliss, Sands & Foster.)

*The Evil Guest.* By J. Sheridan Le Fanu. (Downey.)

*Passion's Puppets.* (Hutchinson.)

*The Burden of a Woman.* By Richard Pryce. (Innes.)

*A Pastoral Played Out.* By Mary L. Pendered. (Heinemann.)

*Under the Chilterns.* By Rosemary. (Fisher Unwin.)

If we said that there are several good stories in Miss Ada Cambridge's *Fidelis*, we might be suspected of a nasty insinuating trick, as who should say or hint "but the several are not made one." On the contrary, we have read the book through from beginning to end with a great deal of pleasure, and are glad to find the only "three-decker" in our present fleet so worthy of its bulk. There are some minor faults: such as an undue length, not of book, but of story, with (unless we mistake) some of the little slips in chronology which only very cunning and careful hands can avoid in histories of forty years, a few unnecessary obtrusions of opinion, and so forth; but they are nothing to speak of. A very stern critic might say that there is one major, if not "maxim," fault, that the hero, Adam Drewe, an ugly duckling who only becomes a swan in genius and goodness, not looks, is not, strictly speaking, made alive to us. He is not dead: he is not even fairly to be called wooden; but we are not able to regard him with that contented and unquestioning belief in his actual existence somewhere in the Paradise of Fiction which is the novel-reader's highest enjoyment. Not every day, however, nor every month—

perhaps, indeed, not every year—will the reasonable novel-reader expect to feel that joy. Short of it, we can accept Adam and his Eve, Fidelis, and their companions, with much equanimity; and could, indeed, as Mrs. Tulliver (was it not?) observed, "do with an extra bit" of them, or persons like them, even though we may have our private opinion of the real merits of Adam's novels. Indeed, we do not know why we should not make this opinion public. It is that they were not so good as Miss Cambridge's.

"Hard, hard, hard, is it only not to tumble" in a satire of society carried out both by men and monkeys, as "Mr. Macchiavelli Colin Clout" has elected to carry out *The Curse of Intellect*. We shall not say that he has not slipped and staggered here and there a little, but he has certainly not tumbled. Peacockians will at once observe that "Power's Beast"—as the monkey is called, which an eccentric and unamiable Cambridge man has (more out of misanthropy than anything else) tamed, instructed, civilised, and provided, if not with a soul, with an understanding—is in conception a pessimist replica of Sir Oran Haut-ton. But if they are just and sensible, they will acknowledge at once that in the working out there is no shadow of either corrupt or unfair following. In fact, there is little or nothing in common except the starting-point and general idea, which are almost common property. "Power's Beast" is not only much further developed than the gentle Sir Oran, but he is of quite a different temper, and exhibits the reverse of gratitude to his developer, who, indeed, deserves what he gets. His history is in three parts: the first and last written by the quaintly named narrator, who is represented as a cynical man of the world, the midmost by the Beast itself. The three together unfold a distinctly sensational, not to say melodramatic, story, not without love-interest, detective-interest, and most of the other interests of the day and all days. Perhaps some will think that "Colin Clout" would have done well to work his story out rather more fully, or else to thin the interests a little. And it is possible that his social satire may command itself unequally. Indeed, we have ourselves heard Lady Champernowne (the chief representative of "society") extolled as fresh and keen and witty, and depreciated as a stock character from the celebrated old companies of Thackeray, &c. What, however, is certain is, that the graver satire—a thing too much neglected nowadays—is both true and good, and that the threat (for it is a threat rather than a promise) of the title is well made out. It will only be pooh-poohed by those whose wits are too dull to feel the lash, or just quick enough to enable them to affect contempt of it. And the book, good as it is, gives us the idea that the author can do something much better.

Mr. C. T. C. James has fallen in with the humour of the moment for stories of old time, writing a short and not very elaborate, but singularly bright and well-hit-off, romance of the road, with taverns, love, shooting, danger of being *sus. per coll.*, and

the rest, all ingeniously put together and well bustled along. In the dialogue—the most difficult part, of course, by far—he perhaps comes a little short; but his story and incidents are capital, and as the less said of this sort of story the better, we shall only add that it very well deserves reading. Whereof there can be no better proof than the clamour which was raised by one reader, who had got hold of an imperfect copy and was left with the noose dangling.

The reputation, high in its own peculiar and rather limited kind, of Sheridan Le Fanu, will certainly not be raised higher by *The Evil Guest*, though we do not know that it will be seriously damaged by the book. Sir Wynston Berkley, who is a baronet, and, therefore, necessarily bad (for Sheridan Le Fanu did not live long enough to see the joyful day of the rehabilitation of baronets which has now dawned), comes to see his old friend Richard Marston at a lonely Cheshire manor-house. Marston is a disagreeable man, with a bad temper, a nice wife, and a skittish French governess. A servant of the house has forebodings that something is going to happen. Sir Winston is very polite to the governess, and is found murdered in his bed. Afterwards Marston separates from his wife and marries the governess, the murder having been meanwhile put down to the servant. A good deal more happens in the way of actual incident, but nothing that we should tell. We cannot think the book (which is, by the way, fully and well illustrated by Mr. Brinsley Le Fanu, the author's son) very much of a success. The story is rather commonplace, the characters are not interesting, and what might (and in Le Fanu's best stories always does) save the situation—an artfully diffused sense of sombre horror—is not, at least to our thinking, present. Now, the tale of terror that is not terrible has no choice but to be tedious.

*Passion's Puppets* is a disappointing book. It opens rather well, if a little after Miss Rhoda Broughton's earlier fashion. Austin Knowles, a wishy-washy cosmopolitan of means, buys, without knowing anything about it, an estate in the Eastern Counties, goes down to take possession, and finds that an enemy possesses a Naboth's vineyard, lying right in the midst of his property, and, indeed, just at the end of his garden. The enemy has a beautiful daughter; they meet over the garden wall; and the reader naturally supposes himself to be in for a not very recondite, but possibly interesting, story, hitherto very well told. According, however, to a practice which theatrical critics declare to be usually fatal to plays, and which (though great novelists have tried it) we do not think often succeeds in novels, the interest is shifted entirely away from Knowles (though he is amorous enough and his wife is mildly jealous) towards the middle of the story, and assumes a tragic tone, conveyed in rather intricate and heavy narrative. And it ends with a sudden twist of sanguinary catastrophe and confession, which is gratuitous and rather irritating.

Mr. Richard Pryce is generally crisp and clever, and he is both in *The Burden of a Woman*—not a long book, but, on the whole, a good one. His Magdalen heroine is old-fashioned but excellent; his gossips, Welsh or Saxon, are sound and good; and his dialogue, though we are not able to answer for the particular locality, possesses what all critics know as the vital marks of dialogue—it reads as if it were right. Personally, we like his naughty heroine, Hannah Rees or Davidson, but little. "The physical taint which evinced itself in the defective rim of her ear was possibly accompanied by some moral twist which found expression in perverse imaginings." Faugh! "An ounce of twist of another kind, good tobacconist!" Mr. Pryce is really too clever a man to talk this kind of Lombrosian jargon. His book, though, is not penetrated with the cant of the time; it only makes a little try at it.

*A Pastoral Played Out* could hardly have been written except in one of the last two or three years of un-grace. Gylda Mariold, a young maid who wished to know "whether the sweetbriar is crying or laughing when she throws out those delicious whiffs," met Conway Etheredge, "a cultured writer and critic." And what they did and misdid, and how she finally wrote a "Ballad of Woman" and confessed a murder (the first of the two actions was certainly a crime), and how there was a "scent of sawdust about the variety girl," and so forth, those may read who like such matter, and those who like such matter will doubtless read. Us it bores much and disgusts a little.

*Under the Chilterns* also follows a fashion of the day, but no ill one. It is a plain study of peasant life, well and solidly executed. But though we rather like dialects, we draw the line at those which require constant dropping of h's. They are not matter of literature, for reasons which we could tell an' we would.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

#### SCOTTISH LIFE AND ROMANCE.

*Bog-Myrtle and Peat.* By S. R. Crockett. (Bliss, Sands, & Foster.)

*A Duke of Britain.* By Sir Herbert Maxwell. (Blackwoods.)

*Sunshine and Haar.* By Gabriel Setoun. (John Murray.)

In one respect *Bog-Myrtle and Peat*, which by most readers, and by not a few critics as well, will be treated as the sequel to *The Stickit Minister*, is the most important book that Mr. Crockett has published; for it contains in "Saint Lucy of the Eyes" by far the best and most promising story that he has yet written. It is only an incident in the life of a Scottish tutor, who falls in love with a Countess in Italy. But the Countess is a real woman—full of passion, pride, sweet reluctant, amorous delay, and, above all, the tenderness that constitutes the supreme qualification for maternity—and not a mere Galloway hoyden or "lassock." And then, in spite of the flash of swords, the war of words, and the subtle stabs of intrigue, there is nothing heavy, melodramatic, or even impressionist in "Saint Lucy of the Eyes." There is plenty of light Stevensonian movement, but Mr. Stevenson could not have drawn Lucia. There are two weak pages in the story: pages of

Scottish moralisation on rest and love done into sentences of Emersonian length, and quite as provoking as Mr. Hall Caine's reflections in *The Manxman* after Kate has seduced Philip. Let Mr. Crockett leave to a Scottish "John Oliver Hobbes"—if ever we have such—epigrams like "A woman's love when she is true is like a heaven of sabbaths; a man's at his best, like a Monday morn when the work of day and week begins." Above all things let him abandon the trick of style—for it is a trick involving no thought—in "Quietness is rest. Rest is embryonic sleep. Sleep is death's brother." (Why does Mr. Crockett depart from the old and incomparably finer view of sleep as death's half-brother?) But, of course, the admirers of *The Stickit Minister* will look to *Bog-Myrtle and Peat* for more of Galloway. And they will get plenty of it, rich, reeking, and warm, like a Burnsian haggis. There is not perhaps so much pathos in the new collection of stories as in the old—though there is pathos of the quiet and self-contained kind, in such very different stories as "A Cry across Black Water" and "The Last Anderson of Deeside"—but there is more of humour and more, I think, of that reality which needs none of the Galloway equivalent of rouge to make it attractive. "The Colleging of Simeon Gleg," for example, reveals a bit of dour, strong Scottish nature—moral beauty of a kind perhaps, but also absolutely unadorned. Quite as good in their different ways and quite as real are "Dominie Grier," "The Old Tory," "A Finished Young Lady," and "The Courtship of Tam o' Shanter." It may be objected to the last that for any woman to say to any man, "Gin ye think that Tibby o' the Hilltop is gaun to marry a man wi' his een in his pooch an' a weather-glass in the suns o' his back, ye're maist notoriously missta'en," is distinctly kailyaird; but it is genuinely Scottish all the same. It goes without saying that there are plenty of good things in this volume: in all respects it marks a great artistic progress upon Mr. Crockett's part. But "Saint Lucy of the Eyes" is the best omen for his future. Even Mr. Crockett must exhaust Galloway in time.

Sir Herbert Maxwell has brought to the work of writing a romance of Britain, and more especially of Galloway, at least as much historical and antiquarian knowledge as Mr. Whyte Melville brought to the writing of his *Gladiators*. But *A Duke of Britain* is not such an unequivocal success as was that most enjoyable, though not supremely clever, book. And I can account for this chiefly by the fact that Sir Herbert is too conscientious an artist, or, at all events, too much bent on proving that he is historically correct as a costumier. Why interrupt the movement of his plot to relate such details as that Sionach

"was tried, found guilty, and condemned to the punishment of the *fustuarium*, or beating to death by the soldiers of the cohort—the only mode of capital punishment recognised by Roman military law, and even more terrible than the *fustigatio*?" Then, although Sir Herbert Maxwell may have acted wisely in bringing on the stage Stilicho—the Last of the Romans ought to have been done justice to long before now—and Claudio, was it quite necessary to translate *Quod primum decus est, formae cedere capilli?* Fastidious carefulness of this kind—it would be altogether unjust to accuse Sir Herbert of pedantry—merits mention, however, simply because it retards the movement of the story. Kenneth, Duke of Britain, is rather a disappointment. He has a love affair, and ambitions, and all the rest of it. But, in truth, he is a bit of a bore, especially when he is engaged in discussing points of theology. But, on the other hand, Ninian n Galloway, and Stilicho and the wretched

Honorius in Italy, are admirable portraits, while the Roman lieutenant, Julian Varo—he is the true hero of the story—and his two Scottish sweethearts, Muriel and Eamhar, are as natural as, say, Mr. Crockett's Ralph Peden, Winsome Charteris, and the passionate Cleopatra of the byre. That is a very stirring chapter in which Eamhar assails with tongue and almost with knife the sister of whom she is jealous, not without reason. But was it necessary for Sir Herbert to add "such a display of undisciplined passion may seem impossibly wicked, deplorably undignified; but before condemning this child of the wilderness, remember her race and religion"? A narrator should not be an apologist, any more than he should be a lecturer. *A Duke of Britain* may not immediately command an enormous success—it is hardly "popular" enough to do that—but it will be warmly appreciated and (in no sentimental sense) cherished as the most scholarly of Scottish historical romances. Why does not Sir Herbert Maxwell essay the task for which he appears specially qualified—of writing a novel illustrating Scottish manners of to-day?

Gabriel Setoun's *Sunshine and Haar* is the sequel to *Burncraig*, and marks a decided literary advance on his part. He has lost none of the simplicity which was the strength of *Burncraig*, and in "Lowrie and Linty," which is the second half of this book, he has demonstrated that he has a genuine command of genuine pathos. The old order changes, even in a Fifeshire village; and I doubt whether a boy with such "pairs" as Linty would bound his ambition, or whether even his parents or guardians would bound his ambition, by the pulpit. In other words, I should feel inclined to put down Linty as a Scottish boy of yesterday rather than of to-day. But, having made this little limitation, and having premised also that there is no real love-making in the book, and that, therefore, it is quite impossible as yet to say how Gabriel Setoun would succeed with the most profitable of emotions, I cannot see how more could have been made out of the fresh literary materials with which *Burncraig* has furnished its chronicler. Occasionally he stumbles into descriptive passages which, although not wanting in sincerity, are yet wanting in strength, such as "The air was sweet and pure." Then there is an unwelcome touch of melodrama in one or two stories—notably in "The Widows' Kirkin" and "The Return of Big Wull." Simon Ballingall in the former is rather too obviously a combination of Holy Willy and Mr. Plimsoll's favourite ruffian. I venture to think that a man who so very plainly sent a ship's crew to be drowned would have been lynched in a Scottish village. Then Big Wull's reticence, moroseness, vindictiveness, and desperate drinking are imported into Scotland from the backwoods of America or the Australian bush. There is nothing violent, much less alien to Scotland, in the quiet pathos of "Dad," or the simple, if roughish, fun of "Tammy's Revenge." But the story of Lowrie and Linty stands out distinctly as the fullest of Scottish character at its tenderest and most effectively humorous, and as one of the very best things done in and for Scottish fiction since the publication of *A Window in Thrums*.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

#### NOTES AND NEWS.

DR. THOMAS HODGKIN will publish immediately at the Clarendon Press vols. v. and vi. of *Italy and her Invaders*, covering the period from the expulsion of the Goths from Italy to the death of the Lombard King Liutprand (A.D. 553-744). The author hopes to complete at no distant date a seventh

volume, which will bring down the history to its appointed limit—the coronation of Charles the Great as Emperor of Rome.

PROF. RYLE, Hulsean professor of divinity at Cambridge, is about to issue, through Messrs. Macmillan & Co., a work entitled, *Philo and Holy Scripture*. It purports to be a collection of the quotations made by Philo from the Old Testament, given in *extenso*, with a few notes on the text. The introduction discusses Philo's treatment of Scripture generally.

MESSRS. LONGMANS & Co. have nearly ready for publication *The Voyages and Travels of Lord Brassey*, from 1862 to 1894, arranged and edited by Capt. S. Eardley Wilmot. It will be in two volumes, with maps and charts, but will be published at a low price.

MR. JOHN MURRAY announces a book on the New Forest, by Rose C. de Crespigny and Horace G. Hutchinson. It will deal with such subjects as the law of the forest, local names, deer-hunting, gypsies, charcoal-burners, and poachers, the fauna and flora, the geological formation, &c.

MESSRS. ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & Co. have in the press Mr. Aubyn Trevor-Battye's book, *Icebound on Kolguev*, which is the outcome of his exploration of that island during the summer of last year. It will contain numerous illustrations by the author and by Mr. J. T. Nettleship, who has made drawings from material supplied by him. In addition to the narrative of his adventures on the island, the author has included in the volume chapters on the flowers and birds of Kolguev.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE have also in preparation a work on Nicaragua by Mr. Archibald Colquhoun, who is at present acting as special correspondent in that country for a leading newspaper.

UNDER the title of *Beggars on Horseback*, Messrs. William Blackwood & Son have in the press an account of a riding tour in North Wales, written by Martin Ross, with numerous illustrations by E. Somerville.

CAPTAIN LIONEL TROTTER, the historian of India under Victoria and biographer of Warren Hastings, is engaged upon a Life of General John Nicholson, the hero of the Mutiny.

MR. H. S. NICHOLS proposes to publish a new translation into English of the works of Victor Hugo, illustrated with the etchings, &c., that appeared in the French "édition nationale." The novels alone will fill twenty-eight volumes, and the plays ten more; while two volumes will be devoted to a selection from the poems. In addition to the illustrations in the text, there will also be a portfolio containing seventy plates.

UNDER the title of "The Adventures of David Balfour"—vol. i. *Kidnapped*; vol. ii. *Catrina*—Messrs. Cassell & Company are about to publish a new edition of these masterpieces. Shortly before his death Mr. Stevenson corrected *Kidnapped*, and the revised text is here used, printed in new type. Sixteen full-page pictures have been prepared by Mr. W. Hole to illustrate this edition of *Catrina*.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL announce *Recollections of Paris*, by Captain the Hon. D. A. Bingham; and *French Men and Manners*, by Mr. Albert D. Vandam.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN has concluded arrangements with several firms in France, Italy, Switzerland, &c., by which his two cheap series of fiction, known as the Pseudonym and Autonym Libraries, will henceforth be on sale at the railway bookstalls on the continent, at a price practically the same as that at which they are published in this country.

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS will publish next week a volume by the Rev. S. Humphreys Gurney, entitled *Arthurian Epic*: a comparative study of the Cambrian, Breton, and Anglo-Norman versions of the story, and Tennyson's "Idylls of the King."

MISS ELIZABETH HODGES will publish immediately, with Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, *Some Ancient English Homes and their Associations, Personal, Archaeological, and Historic*, with thirty-eight illustrations by Mr. S. J. Loxton. The book traces the history, from Saxon times onward, of some old Gloucestershire and Warwickshire houses, and portraiture, by means of anecdotes, extracts from contemporary letters and records, the family and social life of early days.

MESSRS. T. & T. CLARK, of Edinburgh, announce for publication towards the end of this month Prof. Salmon's work on *The Christian Doctrine of Immortality*; and also a new edition, entirely re-written, of Prof. Laidlaw's *Bible Doctrine of Man*; or, the Anthropology and Psychology of Scripture. The latter book has been out of print for some years.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK announces an illustrated volume of the Works of the late Griffith Edwards, edited by Mr. Elias Owen. It consists mainly of local Welsh histories, together with poems in Welsh and English.

MR. FRANK STOCKTON's new book, entitled *The Adventures of Captain Horn*, will be shortly published by Messrs. Cassell & Co.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON & CO. will issue next week a novel by M. Frederick Breton, entitled *God Forsaken*. It is the story of a woman who, having been induced to renounce her early religious faith by a scientific husband, decides that the only standard of truth is inward feeling, and the highest revelation human love. The scene is laid partly in England and partly in a remote district of Norway.

MESSRS. OLIPHANT, ANDERSON, & FERRIER will publish shortly a novel illustrative of Scottish and Australian life and character, entitled *By Adverse Winds*, by Mr. Oliphant Smeaton, son of Prof. Smeaton, of New College, Edinburgh, and at present the editor of the *Liberal*.

MESSRS. REMINGTON & CO. will shortly publish a romantic story by Mr. Richard Pendarel, entitled *A Fleet Street Journalist*.

THE second volume of Cassell's Pocket Library, edited by Mr. Max Pemberton, to be issued in a few days, consists of a story, entitled *A White Baby*, by a new writer.

MR. ALLENSON announces for immediate publication *Castlehill*, a Tale of Two Hemispheres, by Mr. James Hebblethwaite, dealing with the North Country and Tasmania at the time of the foundation of the colony.

MR. A. J. DANIELS has written a new serial story for *Chums*, entitled "Two in a Tangle," which will be commenced in next week's issue.

WE understand that the author of *Passion's Puppets*, which has lately appeared anonymously, is Mrs. A. M. Diehl, who has previously published several novels under her own name.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN will publish next week a second edition of Mr. W. H. Chesson's novel, *Name this Child*, in one volume, revised by the author.

THE first edition of *The Crack of Doom*, by Mr. Robert Cromie, having been over-subscribed by the trade, a slight delay will take place in publication. Messrs. Digby, Long, & Co. have, however, a second edition in rapid preparation.

Two editions of Mr. William Le Queux's Arab Romance *Zoraida*, which has been delayed to allow simultaneous publication in America, having been exhausted on the day of publication, the Tower Publishing Company has gone to press with another edition.

MAX O'RELL returned to London on May 2 from America. His fourth season in the United States and Canada was such a success that Major Pond has engaged him for a fifth lecture tour, from November, 1895, to April, 1896.

THE evening discourse at the Royal Institution on Friday next will be delivered by Prof. Walter Raleigh, of Liverpool, on "Robert Louis Stevenson."

THE Library Association will meet next Wednesday afternoon at Hammersmith, where the members have been invited to visit the Dove's Bindery of Mr. Cobden-Sanderson and the Kelmscott Press of Mr. William Morris. Afterwards, in the public library at Ravenscourt Park, Mr. S. Martin is to read a paper on the institution under his charge.

AT the meeting of the London Ethical Society, to be held on Sunday next at Essex Hall, Strand, Mr. F. H. Peters, of University College, Oxford, will read a paper on "Goethe."

AT the meeting of the Elizabethan Society, to be held at Toynbee Hall on Wednesday next, Mr. W. H. Cowham will read a paper on "Satromastix."

ON Thursday and Friday of next week, Messrs. Sotheby will be selling the modern second-hand books that formed the stock of the late firm of Elkin Mathews and John Lane. It consists mainly of first editions of novelists and poets, and also includes a number of works valued for their illustrations or for being printed on large paper or in a limited issue. We may specially notice the original MS. of "most of" Mr. Thomas Hardy's *A Pair of Blue Eyes*, with four autograph letters relating to it.

WITH reference to a note in the ACADEMY of last week, we are informed that the whole of the library of the late Alexander Ireland has now been privately sold.

#### UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

THE University of Cambridge has resolved to confer the honorary degree of D.Sc. upon Mr. Francis Galton; and the honorary degree of M.A. upon Lord Acton, the new regius professor of history, who has become a member of Trinity College.

AT Oxford, next Tuesday, it will be proposed to confer the degree of M.A. by decree upon Prof. Gotch, the new Waynflete professor of physiology; and the honorary degree of M.A. upon His Honour Thomas W. Snagge, judge of the Oxford county court, who is already a graduate of Dublin.

THE Lady Margaret chair of divinity at Oxford, vacant by the death of Canon Heurtley, will be filled up by election on June 19. The electors are graduates in divinity, and also all members of Congregation in orders. It is stated that Prof. W. Sanday and Principal Wace, of King's College, will be nominated as candidates.

THERE will be a contest at Oxford next Thursday for two of the more important offices rendered vacant by the death of Alfred Robinson. For the hebdomadal council, Mr. H. O. Wakeman and Mr. Arthur Sidgwick have been nominated; for the delegacy of the common university fund, Prof. Bywater and Prof. Case.

THE statute establishing degrees for research at Oxford has now been finally approved by Congregation. The amendments adopted on

Tuesday were mostly of a technical nature, and were carried unanimously. That, however, attaching the new degree in science to the faculty of natural science was rejected by a narrow majority of 39 votes to 37. The word "science," therefore, is to be taken to include mathematics, natural science, mental and moral science.

AT Cambridge, the syndicate on advanced study and research recommend the addition of clauses to the existing statutes, by which advanced students in arts and also in law shall keep by residence at least six terms, and may be inaugurated B.A. or LL.B. when they have pursued such studies and satisfied such conditions as may be prescribed by grace.

THE two following public lectures will be delivered at Oxford next week: on Wednesday, "International Law in the Recent War between China and Japan," by Prof. Holland; and on Friday, "The Treatment of Landscape in Poetry" (continued), by Prof. Palgrave.

THE Rev. Dr. E. Moore, principal of St. Edmund Hall, will deliver a course of five lectures on "Dante's *Purgatorio*," at Queen's College, London, on Wednesdays, at 3 p.m., beginning on May 15.

IT is worth while to direct our readers' attention to an article on the late Master of Balliol, by the Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache, which is printed as a supplement to the *Journal of Education* for the current month. Probably not one of the many accounts or reminiscences of Dr. Jowett give a more vivid portraiture of his remarkable personality than this.

THE Cambridge Antiquarian Society has issued, with commendable promptitude, a new number of its *Proceedings* (Bell), covering the academical year from October, 1893, to May, 1894. A considerable proportion of the papers are devoted to recording the results of local excavations; but even among these there is something of general interest. For example, Prof. Hughes takes occasion to collect the evidence for a difference between shoes for right and left feet in mediaeval times—a curious question which we do not remember to have seen discussed elsewhere; and also refers to the old custom of strengthening fences with the cores of ox-horns. Another paper gives elaborate details about some skeletons which are presumably those of Anglo-Saxons before the introduction of Christianity. There are two communications of more direct academical importance. Prof. Darwen describes, with photographic illustrations, the armorial monuments of some Cambridge men that are still preserved in the university of Padua—including William Harvey, Richard Willoughby (the friend of Galileo), Sir John Finch (ambassador at Constantinople), and Sir Thomas Baines (Gresham professor of music). He also gives a complete list of the names of one hundred English and Scotch students, whose monuments have at one time existed, or still exist, at Padua. The other paper is a continuation of Mr. J. W. Clark's labours to elucidate the arrangements of mediaeval libraries. He here deals with (1) the library of the Benedictine monastery of Christ Church, Canterbury, and (2) the libraries of the great Cistercian monasteries of Citeaux and Clairvaux—which he reconstructs from the documentary evidence available; and (3) the still existing library of chained books at Zutphen, which is known to have been built in 1563. He further refers to another chained library at Eekhuizen, and states that a third exists at Edam. This paper is illustrated with several engravings and photographs. Finally, we must not omit all mention of a paper by Mr. R. Bowes on early Cambridge newspapers. The oldest appeared in 1744, the same year as at Bristol; and the date is important as

marking the first infringement of the monopoly of the university printers.

We learn from a note in the new part of *Archaeologia Oxoniensis* that four ancient staves of Esquire Bedels are preserved in the Ashmolean Museum, and not one only, as has usually been supposed. Mr. W. H. St. John Hope, who is writing a book on corporation maces, pronounces them all to be of Elizabethan date, though features have probably been copied from still earlier staves. The crowns in the university arms on the top are of the time of Henry VII., their form being tall and the central ornament a fleur-de-lis. It is also noteworthy that there are five clasps to the open book, instead of seven seals.

#### TRANSLATION.

(From the "Simple Folk" of *Guerra Janqueiro.*)

##### THE LOST SONG.

BREATHINGS of sweet lilac, opal, violet pale,  
Purple macerations of agony and woe,  
When night draws on and sleep the plains  
exhale. . . .

In the dying day a voice sings sad and low :

" There is one that minds me not  
In a land beyond the sea. . . .  
Death, if thou wouldst bear my life  
To him, I would give it thee! . . .  
Death, if thou wouldst bear my life  
To him, I would give it thee! . . . "

With the sun's salute upon her corselike face,  
A kiss that touched of Death to icy pallor  
wanes,  
The moon, sleep-walking, weird, floats up and  
down in space. . . .

Sweetly sings a voice in melancholy strains :

" I have sepulchred my love  
On a shore where ocean sways. . . .  
Love is dying, sorrow living,  
The sun sinks, the moon doth gaze! . . .  
Love is dying, sorrow living,  
The sun sinks, the moon doth gaze! . . . "

The fluctuating mist of opal, milky-white,  
Dilutes the granite mountains towering to the  
sky

Into giants of dreams ecstatic at the moon's  
light. . . .

Weakly wails a voice in the boundless lethargy :

" Who is it mourning, nightingale,  
There by the ocean side? . . .  
It is my love that in his grave  
Weeps through the livelong night! . . .  
It is my love that in his grave  
Weeps through the livelong night! . . . "

The great, calm, silvery moon, slow wheeling to  
her goal

From universal nature substance takes away.  
And turning it into fluid, charges it with  
soul. . . .

A voice expires in grief, ending its last lay :

" Sleep my love, get thee to sleep,  
In the fine sand of the sea,  
For, ere shines the morning star,  
I will come and lie by thee! . . .  
For, ere shines the morning star,  
I will come and lie by thee! . . . "

EDGAR PRESTAGE.

Chiltern, Bowdon, May 1, 1895.

#### OBITUARY.

##### MRS. J. K. SPENDER.

We regret to record the death of Mrs. J. K. Spender, which took place at Bath last Saturday.

Mrs. Spender had been for a considerable time in ill-health. Indeed, we believe that she had announced her intention of abandoning novel-writing, in which she had been actively engaged for more than twenty years past. Her first

novel, *Brothers-in-Law*, appeared in 1869; her last collection of stories, called *Thirteen Doctors*, was reviewed in the ACADEMY of April 23. She also wrote a good deal for the magazines in her early days; and all her life long she was devoted to the cause of the higher education of women and the improvement of their economical condition.

Lilian Spender was born in 1838, being the daughter of a London physician, Dr. Edward Headland. She was educated at Queen's College, where she came under the permanent influence of F. D. Maurice and Dean Plumptre. In 1858, she was married to Dr. John Kent Spender, of an old Bath family, and himself one of the leading physicians in that city. They had a large family, two of their sons being well known—at one time at Oxford, and now in London journalism.

A NOTTINGHAM poet died on May 4—Mr. Samuel Collinson, the author of *Autumn Leaves* and *King Richard's Tower*. He was born in Hull, but had resided in Nottingham, where he died, for fifty years.

#### MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

The *Expositor* for May contains a thoughtful paper by Prof. Davidson on "Modern Religion and Old Testament Immortality"; a critical study by Dr. E. A. Abbott on the "Elders" of Papias; an extremely valuable survey of criticism on the Book of Habbakuk, by Prof. Budde, of Strassburg, whom we are glad to see introduced to English readers; and articles by Prof. W. M. Ramsay on the words denoting missionary travel in Acts. Prof. Orr discusses the Old Testament question in the early Church; Mr. Watson writes eloquently and thoughtfully on the continuity of life; and Dr. Dods gives a few notes on books.

The *Theologisch Tijdschrift* has also an excellent bill of fare, but appeals to more advanced students. It opens, however, with an article that might equally well have appeared in the *Journal of Ethics*, touching, as it does, on the fundamental questions which equally concern ethics and religion, and entitled "Peace Negotiations," by L. Knappert. "Relief of the Poor" follows, by Bodel Bienfait, a stop-gap artist. W. C. van Manen gives three papers on Jesus Christ's expectation of the future, on the original text of Matt. i. 16 (he agrees that the new Sinaitic text gives the original reading), and on the phrase "Son of Man" in Enoch. Dr. Korns replies to the question—Did Luke know and use the works of Josephus? Among the reviews of books we notice those of Kattenbusch's historical treatise on the Apostle's Creed, vol. i.; Stade's essay on Gen. iv. 1-16, and Jülicher's compact and useful introduction to the New Testament; and J. Weiss's important article on "Pauline Problems."

#### PROF. YORK POWELL'S INAUGURAL LECTURE.

We quote from the *Oxford Chronicle* the following condensed report of the inaugural lecture delivered by Prof. York Powell, as regius professor of modern history at Oxford, on May 1:

"The Professor commenced his address by speaking of the past holders of the chair. Within his remembrance four men had held it, memorable figures all, two of whom were dead. He must name the late Prof. Freeman first: the master who gave to many of them their first lessons in the science to which he devoted his life, the politician whose talents were always at the service of those he believed to be oppressed, the friend whose loss those who loved him must long deplore. Of his

successor it was more difficult for him to speak, as he never knew Prof. Froude; but he hoped he could appreciate his careless courage in maintaining his views, the easy skill with which he set those views before the public, and the steady devotion he displayed in the duties of his office among them down to the last. Two, happily, were still with them: one, Mr. Goldwin Smith, the Paul Louis Courier of their times and tongue, self-exiled too long from the spot that knew him best; and the other, Dr. Stubbs, whose gigantic and persistent work ranked with that of Coke, and recalled the renown of their learned bishops of old. Another name must occur to them all, and that was one whom he could not but regret personally was not addressing them that afternoon: Samuel Rawson Gardiner, most patient, most strenuous, and most unprejudiced of investigators. But beyond these he could not forbear to name another who, before his days, held this office for all too short a space, whom as a Rugbeian he was more especially bound to honour, Thomas Arnold, the pupil of Niebuhr, and the teacher to whom Freeman was proud to turn with gratitude and admiration alike. This century had seen not a few of its best minds engaged in history. To try and mark the present trend of historical work in which they were chiefly concerned in Oxford might not be unprofitable. First, he put the absolute need of orderly collection and registration of facts as acknowledged by all students. They had hardly done, perhaps, so much in England as might be done in this direction, though the shelves which bore the Government series and different societies' publications, and the long range of that biggest and most useful of modern English histories, the *Dictionary of National Biography*, might plead eloquently in their favour. But much remained to be done, and no country was so rich in documents. Thousands of important papers, dating before the Reformation, were as yet uncalendered and unread. Every year the pioneer work of the Historical Commission discovered further treasures, and pointed the way for workers. A few years' skilled labour, and this vast material might be rendered at least accessible. The publication of a few cartularies, a case book, and an incomplete set of year books had largely rendered possible that fascinating history of English law which had lately done so much honour to the sister university. Their economic knowledge of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries was largely due to those sturdy volumes of Oxford Accounts which they owed to Thorold Rogers. There was no lack of power among them; what was wanted was the opportunity and the organisation. The crying want at present was that of local archives, worked by trained scholars, and this the country might justly be called upon to supply. There was no money better spent than that devoted to definite scientific purposes; and in their science, too, investigations like those of the *Challenger* and the *Beagle* might be trusted to produce worthy results. Another direction in which they might expect good work to be done was that of anthropology. The lack of training in the elements of this important branch had been a hindrance and obstacle to much that had been written with regard to the origin of their island history. The light that men like Maine, Lyall, Gill, Codrington, Campbell, had drawn from the study of the living document, had enabled scholars to deal profitably with a whole mass of material that was formerly regarded as the waste product of the human mind, and to extract from it precious evidence on the history of their ancestors that was hitherto denied to them. To come to understand that in the past there were people, and that the vast majority of people living to-day might be classed with them, whose reasons, when they reasoned, were entirely different from those that would influence us, was already to have learned a valuable lesson. The middle ages were further off from them than the second century, and the Australian black fellow was more antique than the Parthenon or even the Pyramids. To read the records of their own ancestors, even in their own handwriting, was hopeless, unless they tried to understand their habits of life and mind. Homer and Aristophanes, the Parthenon and the Mycenaean tombs gave them more knowledge of the Greek mind than they could get from any historian alone; and the papyrus with an old-folk tale let them see into

the life of the ancient Egyptians as no chronicle could. *Beowulf* gave them more English history than *Asser's Life of Alfred*. The historian could not afford to neglect the smallest facts that the archaeologist could afford him: he must look on the museum, the ruin, and even a picture gallery as much his working ground as a muniment room or the library. Much of the excellent work done by those men who began to recover the middle ages for them in the beginning of this century was based on sound architectural knowledge. The history of the Romans in Britain lay entombed within a few inches of the surface in such places as *Wroxeter*. The clan system, under which men lived less than a century ago in these islands, was perishing before their eyes in various dependencies of their Empire, and there were few who knew the facts, and fewer still who cared to record them. And all this was part of modern history, the life history of peoples under our flag. There was a place among the students of modern history for the traveller and the explorer, as well as for the book man, the reader of *vellums*, the haunter of archives. Another line of research long neglected, but of great importance, which seemed to be opening up, was the investigation of the physiological conditions that underlie and explain human conduct both in the individual and in the mass. He next pointed out the great advance that had been made since the study of economic history and the history of economics was taken up. How much history lay in the serried pages of *Charles Booth's* tremendous study of modern London! And the history of the revolution that brought England from a small country with agricultural and shipping interests into their rich and vast empire, based on enormous manufactures and the control of foreign markets, was as yet unwritten. There was no branch of study with which English history was more concerned, nor one more useful in its effect on the public mind. The need of organisation of local history was pressing, and achievements like those of Mr. Stevenson and Mrs. Green had shown the value of local records. As to legal history, the splendid work of Mr. Bryce was an example. In spite of work like this, they had left to Dr. Liebermann the history of their earliest law documents. As to the study of foreign history in England, they had the example of the Bishop of Peterborough, and younger scholars were following him. There was great need for historical bibliography to be worked at in this country, with France, Germany, and even the United States ahead of us in this respect. The study of the history of their dependencies, and especially of Oriental history, was one which they might hope workers would take up, for it had been far too much neglected, in spite of well-known brilliant examples. As to the educational aspect of history, what they wanted in children's schools was books on the lines of *Plutarch* rather than of *Europius*, giving the more salient personalities that had made England into a United Kingdom and built up the empire. He could name no better authority for this opinion than that of General Gordon and of John Brown of Harper's Ferry. Of the work done in their School of history at Oxford he did not mean to speak that day; he had too lately borne a part in its struggles and trials. There was no doubt about its zeal at all events, and that the work done by Oxford men trained in it seemed to contain promise for the future. There is plenty of room for history. It is happily getting to be acknowledged that the task of educating by means of history and the means of training men to work at history are very different functions. In conclusion, he said he should not like to omit giving a word of gratitude to his helpers and teachers. To the living he hoped he had already acknowledged his debt; but there were those whom he would fain have thanked that day, among whom he would name his comrade Richard Shute, most faithful of critics; his friend, James Sime, ever suggestive and sympathetic; and his master, Gudbrand Vigfusson, of whom he might speak as his disciples spoke of the sage of old, that of the men he had known he was the best, the wisest, and the most just—all three alike in their untiring devotion to and zeal for that truth which, in the words of the Irish proverb, was the historian's food."

## SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

## GENERAL LITERATURE.

BEST, Th. (Beatus Rhenanus), *Unterhaltungen in Rom*. Berlin: Besser. 4 M.

BRADY, G. *William Shakespeare*. 2. Lfg. Leipzig: Langen. 1 M. 75.

BREYMAN, H. *Die neuersprachliche Reform-Literatur von 1876-1893*. Leipzig: Deichert. 3 M.

BRASSON, AG. *La Comédie littéraire*. Paris: Colin. 3 fr. 50.

DUROIS, MARCEL. *Systèmes coloniaux et peuples colonisateurs*. Paris: Masson. 3 fr. 50.

FOERSTER, R. *Mein Beuch in El-Achim*. *Reisebriefe aus Aegypten*. Strassburg: Schleser. 3 M. 80.

HEITZ, P. *Baseler Büchernächen bis zum Anfang d. 17. Jahrh.* Strassburg: Heitz. 40 M.

KRUMBACHER, K. *Michael Glykas. Eine Skizze seiner Biographie u. seiner litte ar. Tätigkeit*. München: Franz. 1 M. 60.

LAMOUCHE, L. *L'Organisation militaire de l'Empire ottoman*. Paris: Baudoin. 4 fr.

MAITREZ MUSICIENS, LES, de la Renaissance française, p. H. Expert. 1re LIVR. *Orlande de Lassus*. 1re Fase. des Mélanges. Paris: Leduc. 12 fr.

MOLLAT, G. *Hoden u. Hodner d. ersten deutschen Parlamens*. Osterwick: Zickfeldt. 12 M.

PIOLLET, J. B. *Madagascar et les Hova*. Paris: Delagrave. 5 M.

PRÜFER, A. *Johan Herman Schein*. Leipzig: Breitkopf. 3 M.

TANGERMANN, W. *Morgen u. Abend. Erinnerungen u. s. w.* Leipzig: Breitkopf. 4 M.

WORMS, Emile. *La Politique commerciale de l'Allemagne*. Paris: Marchal. 7 fr.

## THEOLOGY, ETC.

COPUS scriptorum ecclesiasticorum latinorum. Vol. XXXIV. S. Aureli Augustini epistulae. Rec. A. Bodenbacher. Pars I. Leipzig: Freytag. 8 M. 60.

GANGORIUS ABULFAZAD, die Scholien zum Buch der Könige (I u. II). Hrg. v. A. Morgenstern. Berlin: Calvary. 2 M.

MAAS, E. *Orpheus. Untersuchungen zur griech., röm., aitchristl. Jenseitidichtg. u. Religion*. München: Beck. 5 M.

SCHIAN, M. *Die Ebed-Jahwe-Lieder in Jesajas 40-66*. Halle: Krause. 1 M.

## HISTORY, LAW, ETC.

BINDSE, J. *Die subjektiven Grenzen der Rechtakraft*. Leipzig: Deichert. 2 M.

BROGLIE, le Due de. *L'Alliance autrichienne*. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 7 fr. 70.

ECKART, R. *Aus alten niederräuschischen Chroniken. Beiträge zur Sitten- u. Sprachkunde Niedersachsens*. 1. Hft. Braunschweig: Schwetschke. 50 Pf.

GRANDMAISON, G. de. *Napoléon et les Cardinaux noirs*, 1810-1814. Paris: Didier. 3 fr. 50.

## PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

AEL, M. *Kants Erkenntnistheorie u. seine Stellung zur Metaphysik*. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 3 M.

GARDINER, A. *La Connaissance*. Paris: Lethielleux. 3 fr. 50.

HERZ, N. *Kepfers Astrologie*. Wien: C. Gerold's Sohn. 3 M.

KÜHNEMANN, R. *Kants u. Schillers Begründung der Ästhetik*. München: Beck. 4 M. 50.

MAYER, A. *Untersuchungen üb. die starke Körner. Wesen u. Lebensgeschichte der Starke Körner der höheren Pflanzen*. Jena: Fischer. 20 M.

## PHILOLOGY, ETC.

BERGAIN, A. *Quarante hymnes du Rig Veda*. Paris: Bouillon. 5 fr.

CLERMONT-GANNEAU, C. *Etudes d'archéologie orientale*. 1. 2e partie. Paris: Bouillon. 8 fr.

GODEFROY, F. *Dictionnaire de l'ancienne langue française*. T. VIII. Paris: Bouillon. 50 fr.

HOLZNER, E. *Studien zu Euripides*. Leipzig: Freytag. 4 M.

PALIS, Gaston. *Le Roman de Renard*. Paris: Bouillon. 3 fr. 50.

WIMCKLER, H. *Sammlung v. Keilschrifttexten*. III. Die Keilschrifttexte assurbanipalis. 2. Lfg. Leipzig: Pfeiffer. 6 M.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

ST. PATRICK'S BIRTHPLACE.  
Bodleian Library, Oxford: May 5, 1895.

The Rev. F. E. Warren recently mentioned to me that the place of St. Patrick's birth was much disputed, and showed me certain passages in the *Tripartite Life of the saint* (Rolls Series). From these I quickly formed a conjecture which appeared to me morally certain. As I was about to begin this letter, I learnt from Mr. F. Haverfield that he had formed the same conjecture some months ago, and had mentioned it to various of our leading Oxford scholars. It is right that his priority should be made known, but all that I am now about to say is quite independent of anything which may have occurred to him.

Patrick himself, in his *Confessio*, says:

"patrem habui Calpornum diaconum filium quendam Potiti, filii Odissi presbyteri, qui fuit [in]

uico Bannauem Taberniae. Villulam enim prope habuit, ubi ego capturam dedi. Annorum eram tunc fere sedecim."

That is the text as printed (*Tripartite Life*, ii. 357); it is doubtful whether the omission of [in] is not due to the saint rather than to a scribe.

The earliest authority for this passage is the *Book of Armagh*,\* written in 807. I have obtained, through the kindness of Prof. Abbott, the Librarian of Trinity College, Dublin, a copy of the words, "bannauem Taberniae," which stand so written in the MS.

I have no reasonable doubt that the exemplar from which this virtually impossible reading arose was *bannauentaberniae*, and that it represented *Bannauenta Britanniae*. I cannot be quite sure of the form of the mark of contraction in the latter word, because I do not know what the age of the exemplar was; but the mark — was in use long before 807. Mr. Warren plausibly suggests that it went through the *b*, and it is even possible that there was no *r* at all.

It is only some days after writing the above words that I referred to the two Bodleian MSS. of the *Confessio*, and behold I find that MS. Fell 3 (twelfth century) has "bannauem tabn[e]!"

*Bannauenta* was a place on or near Watling-street, thrice† mentioned in the *Itinerary of Antoninus*. Some have identified it with Weedon Beck, where I believe there are no Roman remains; but it is generally held to be the lofty Borough Hill, near Daventry, on the summit of which was one of the most extensive camps in England. "It is certain that the Borough Camp was an important Roman station" (Murray's *Northants*, 113), and considerable Roman remains have been found there.

As no tenable derivation has yet been given either for *Bannauenta* or for *Daventry*, I will give one, and show the historical connexion between the two names; for it is not by accident that they agree in five consecutive letters.

In O. Welsh "pro nd . . . primitivo frequentissima est geminatio nn" (Zeuss, *Gram. Celt.*, 147), and *Bannauenta* represents *Ban-Dauenta*. *Ban* is unquestionably Welsh (and O. Keltic) *ban*, "an eminence." What is *Dauenta*?

I propose to connect it with Welsh *dafnu* "to drop, to trickle," and *dafn* "a drop" (O. Welsh *dafyn*). Welsh *f* is, of course, our *v*. And I suggest that *Dauenta* (where the *-a* is only a Roman termination) is either a collective or an abstract noun from this stem, and that the entire name *Ban-Dauenta* = Hill of trickling(s). For Borough Hill is "abounding in springs of remarkable purity" (Baker's *Northants*, 339).

The variant form *Bannauantia* leaves us uncertain whether the Romans have added *-ia* or only *-a*, but at any rate it shows us an *-ant* stem. And with these *-ent* and *-ant* stems compare O. Welsh *kereynt* "friends," *carant* "body of friends," *portant* "nourishment," *muynant* "use," *heneint* "old age," *digoyeint* "indignation," and others to be found on pp. 844-5 of Zeuss. He gives *carant* as a "collective," and the next two as examples of abstract substantives sprung from verbs, while of *-ent* he says that it may be from an earlier *-ent*.‡

\* "The Book of Armagh was transcribed from a MS. which even in the year 807 was becoming obscure, and of whose obscurities the transcriber more than once complains" (i. xciv.).

† In one place there is a various reading, *Iannauantia*, but any palaeographer can show how *b* was liable to be read *I*.

‡ It would, of course, be easy to take *Davanti* (in *Bannauantia*) and *Davent* (in *Bannauenta*) as the earlier and later genitives of a proper name

As for Daventrei (Domesday Book), Daventre, or Daventry, it is more than half a mile from the Ban or Hill, and consequently is not called Ban. But it stands between brooks, one at least of which is fed from the Ban. And I suggest that the last syllable of it = Welsh *rhe* \* (*rhe* is almost invariably *r-* in O. Welsh), which as a substantive means "a swift motion, a run," and has a diminutive *rhe-an* "a streamlet," or as an adjective means "fleet, speedy." I prefer to take it in the latter sense and to interpret Daventrei as "swift (*rei*) running water (*davent*)"—the qualifying epithet being, as usual in Keltic languages, put last.

And now observe: first, how well Bannauenta agrees with what Patrick tells us later on in his *Confessio*. He says:

"Et iterum post paucos annos in Britannis eram cum parentibus meis" (p. 364); and

"Unde autem [possem] et si uoluerem amittere illas, et pergere in <sup>†</sup>Britannias; et libentissime paratus ire, quasi ad patriam et parentes?" (p. 370).

Note, too, that the emendation "Bannauenta Britanniae" supplies not only the name of the place, but of the country; and that, unless the place were a well-known one, it would have been very odd if at the outset he had neglected to mention the country in which it was.

Next, observe how admirably the place fits chronological probabilities. Patrick was born at earliest in 372, captured and carried to Ireland at earliest in 388. But in 387 Maximus had taken the Roman soldiers away, and it was not till 396 that they returned to drive off Picts, Scots, and Saxons.

The Picts and Scots probably did not get so far south as Daventry, though Mr. Church and Miss Putnam in their story *The Count of the Saxon Shore* bring the Picts in 410 to Winchester, and although there is arguable ground for attributing the Silchester Ogam to a Gael and not a Briton. But for the Saxons Daventry was within easy striking distance. I do not know whether it be true that Saxon ships "were long and low in the water," and that "no river or creek, if it gave as much as three or four feet of water, was safe from their attack" (*Count of the Saxon Shore*, 26); but Bannauenta is only two miles from the river Nen and thirteen miles from Northampton, and "The Nen N. of Northampton, is a deep-flowing stream. . . . The course of the Nen was one of the high roads into the centre of England" (Murray's *Northants*, 14). "The rivers that traversed the Lincolnshire and Cambridge Fens had such depth of water as to facilitate attack. The Danes sailed up the Witham to Lincoln, and up the Ouse to Ely" (Pearson, *Hist. Maps of England*, 3).

In 368 Theodosius, landing at London, had attacked "uagantes hostium uastatorius manus . . . qui uictos homines agebant" (Amm. Marcell. xxvii. 8, 6). They were, doubtless, Saxons who had sailed up the Thames. Doubtless, also, they were Saxons running up the Nen who, about 388, captured Patrick; and they either sailed northward and sold him to their allies, the Scots from Ireland, or, raiding round the southern and western shores, disposed of

Davantes, connected with Gr. *ἀδιμαρός*, just as Welsh *dafad* "a sheep" is connected (Stokes, *Urkeltischer Sprachschatz*, 141) with *ἀδιμαρός*. But I cannot find such a Keltic name, and in any case a derivation from natural features is much the more likely.

\* Is not this from the root given by Stokes (*Urkeltischer Sprachschatz*, 227) as *rei* "to flow"?

† I.e., Roman Britain, which was divided into B. *prima*, B. *secunda*, Flavia Caesariensis, and *Maxima Caesariensis*.

their captives direct at different points on the Irish coast.

This letter might end here but that certain mediaeval traditions on the subject exist, among "the least improbable" of which the editor of the *Tripartite Life* (i. cxxxvii.) considers the statement that "Patrick was born about the year 373, at Nemtor, an Old Celtic *Nemeton-duron*, which may have been the older name for *Al Cluade* ('Rock of Clyde'). . . . The valley of the Clyde was then Cymric territory, the name *Nemtor* seems to occur as *Nentor* in the Welsh poem with which the Black Book of Carmarthen begins."

Let me first sweep away the quotation from the Black Book of Carmarthen. It has been published in facsimile since the *Tripartite Life* appeared, and the correct reading is *ineutre*, written as a single word, with all the letters joined.

Secondly, as Alclyde had two Keltic names already—the second being "Dún Breatain, now Dumbarton" (ii. 634)—it is very unlikely that it should have had a third.

The Alclyde tradition doubtless arose from the fact that in his epistle to the subjects of Coroticus, said to have been king of Alclyde, Patrick says that his words are "militibus mittenda Coroticu, non dico ciuibus meis atque ciuibus sanctorum Romanorum, sed ciuibus demoniorum" (ii. 375), and "Et si mei non cognoscunt, propheta in patria sua honorem non habet" (377)—expressions which show nothing more than that he and they were born fellow-citizens of Rome and children of the same fatherland of Britain.

There is another way in which the idea may have arisen. Patrick says in his *Confessio* that when he was once again "in Britannia . . . cum parentibus meis" he seemed to hear in his mind the voice of those who were "iuxta siluam Focluti, quae est prope mare occidentale" (365). Now a moderately careful reader would see from what goes before that Foclut must be in Ireland; but a reader who merely skimmed the text, or one who knew little Latin, might possibly suppose it to be in Britain, and might derive Foclut from the name of the Clyde preceded by the Gaelic preposition *fo*. And we shall find presently what may be curious echoes of the words "prope mare occidentale" in connexion with the home of Patrick.

And now for the Nemtor tradition. Unlikely as it may seem, I shall produce reason to think that the name so written by the editor of the *Tripartite Life* is nothing more than a corruption of the name of Daventry.

A certain Muirchu wrote memoirs of Patrick, and says that he wrote them at the command of a bishop who died in 698 (i. xci.). The leaf containing what I am about to quote is missing in the Book of Armagh, but is found in a Brussels MS. of the eleventh or twelfth century. Muirchu, then, says (ii. 494) that Patrick was "Brito natione, in Britannia natus," and that his father or grandfather was "uico Bannauem Taburniae, haut procul a mari nostro, quem uicem constanter indubitanterque comperimus esse Nemtria, matre etiam conceptus Concessa nomine."

This is Mr. Stokes's text, but he tells us that for *Taburniae* *haut* the MS. reads *thabur indecha*\* ut, and that for *Nemtria* it reads *uentre*. Consequently the evidence of Muirchu, so far as we know it from an obviously corrupt MS., is for *Uentre* or *Ventre*,† and between these and

1 "Admannu's Petra Cloithe."

4 "Rac deu-ur i Nemtr y tirran, where Mr. Skene (*Four Ancient Books of Wales*, ii. 3), reads *Nemtrur*."

\* The *inde* apparently arises out of *nias*, a tall-necked *a* being misread *d*.

† Said to be apparently altered from *venire*, but query rather from *remire*, pointing to an earlier *nêtre*.

the *Daventrei* of Domesday Book there is a very strange likeness.

I shall be told that "haut procul a mari nostro" does not suit Daventry; but I suggest that Muirchu is combining the details furnished by the "incertis auctoribus," on whom he says his work is based (ii. 269), and that the words may be a mere reminiscence of the Foclut passage misunderstood.

Probus, assigned by Mr. Stokes to the tenth century, but whom one suspects to be the Probus who died in 859, has "de vico Bannauem Tiburniae regionis, haut procul a mari occidentali" [cf. "prope mare occidentale" in the Foclut passage]. Then comes "quem vicum indubitanter comperimus esse Nemtriae prouinciae"; but Colgan, Probus's editor, in his note quotes the name as *Neutriae*! (*Tripartite Life*, ii. 494, referring to Colgan's *Trias Thaumaturga*). So that here also we have not got Nemtor, but either Neutra or Neutria—it is uncertain which—and Probus, endeavouring to explain a passage which he was copying but did not understand, has added "prouinciae" as he had just before added "regionis." What may be the age of the MS. of Probus, Colgan does not seem to say.

The name *uentre* or *nentre* appears, however, to have been written compendiously *nēt*, and this to have been misread as *neml*—i.e., *nemtrur*. *Nemtrur* explained itself to the Irish scribe as *nem* "sky" + *tur-* (mod. Ir. *torr*) "tower"; and so the author of the anonymous *Quarta Vita*, assigned by Dr. Stokes (on what grounds I know not) to the ninth century, aspirates the *t* in accordance with the Irish rule in compound words, writes *Nemthor*, and says that it means "turris caelestis"! And perhaps the sky-tower suggested the Clyde-rock. But this writer, at least, does not identify them, and it is the more important that he does not, because he is apparently the first to mention the Clyde in connexion with Patrick. He places Patrick's parents in the "region" Strath-Clyde, but does not say a word about Al-Clyde, nor do his copyists, the writers of the *Secunda* and *Tertia Vita*. It is apparently not till the eleventh century that we get any identification of Nemthor with Al-Clyde, or any statement that Patrick was born in Al-Clyde. So that the idea that "Nemtor, an Old Celtic *Nemeton-duron*," "may have been the older name for *Al Cluade* ('Rock of Clyde')" may very safely be dismissed for ever.

The anonymous writers of the *Secunda* and *Tertia Vita* (assigned, on what grounds I know not, to the tenth century) follow the *Quarta* in the spelling *Nemthor* (*Tertia* also has *Nemphor*). And in Fiacc's hymn, supposed to have been written in the eighth century, but certainly not written by the Fiacc to whom it is attributed, we get *Nemthur*. But in no identifiable authority assigned to the period before A.D. 1000 do we have any such form; and in the earliest writer of all, Muirchu, we have, as I have said, *uentre*.

I am so pressed for time to finish the book on Pictish inscriptions which I promised in these pages a year ago, that I must be excused if I cannot keep up any controversy on the subject of this letter.

E. W. B. NICHOLSON.

P.S.—In the *Secunda*, *Tertia*, and *Quarta Vita*, and in the *Tripartite Life*, there is a legend that when Patrick was baptized in "Nemthor" the priest had no water.

"So with the infant's hand he made the sign of the cross over the earth, and a well of water brake thereout. . . . A church, moreover, was founded over that well in which Patrick was baptized, and there stands the well by the altar, and it hath the form of the cross, as the wife declare" (*Tripartite Life*, i. 9).

Is it a mere coincidence that Daventry church should be called Holy Cross church?

## THE ARMS OF ARCHBISHOP ROTHERHAM.

London: May 7, 1895.

In the ACADEMY of April 20, under the head of "University Jottings," reference was made to a doubt regarding the true blazoning of the arms of Archbishop Rotherham, the second founder of Lincoln College, Oxford.

Mr. Perceval Landon, in his "Notes on the Heraldry of the Oxford Colleges," printed in *Archaeologia Oxoniensis*, has asserted that Rotherham's arms, as impaled on the shield of the college, are indisputably: "vert, three stags trippant argent, attired or." And so they appear in some notes on the glass formerly existing in the college windows, taken just before the Civil War.

The Rev. Andrew Clark, however, in the current number of the *English Historical Review*, contests this blazoning. He argues that Richard Lee, Portcullis Pursuivant, in his visitation of Oxford in 1574, recorded Rotherham's coat as: "vert, three stags trippant or"—as appears both by his carefully blazoned certificate left in the college, and by the equally deliberate copy in the College of Arms. He further states that the same blazoning is given in Faber's engraving (? circa 1700) of Rotherham's portrait.

Now, it happens that the dispute can be decisively settled by contemporary evidence. The original (fifteenth century) statutes of the college which the Archbishop founded at Rotherham are preserved in the library of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. There, on the first leaf, Rotherham's arms are illuminated thus: "vert, three roes argent, two and one." We quote from the Descriptive Catalogue of the MSS. in the Library of Sidney Sussex College, which has just been published by Mr. Montagu James (Cambridge University Press).

J. S. C.

## THE ETYMOLOGY OF "CORMORANT."

Dorney Wood, Burnham, Bucks: May 6, 1895.

Dr. Chance has somewhat misunderstood the aim of my note on the etymology of *cormorant* in the ACADEMY for April 20. My object was merely to draw the attention of English lexicographers to the fact that the word *moran*, which was supposed to be identical with the ending of *cormorant*, has been discovered by M. Thomas to have no existence, so that the proposed identification falls to the ground. M. Thomas does not give his reasons for rejecting the Breton etymology of *-moran* proposed by Diez, and accepted by Littré, Scheler, and A. Darmesteter. He simply says: "Y voir le breton *môr-vran* . . . c'est se mettre une bien grosse affaire sur les bras."

PAGET TOYNBEE.

Dublin: May 4, 1895.

Dr. Chance, in his letter on "Cormorant" in the ACADEMY, states that he has not met with a form such as *mor-fran* in Irish.

I would point out that, as a matter of fact, such a form does exist in Irish. I may refer him, for instance, to Zeus's *Grammatica Celta* (ed. Ebel), p. 854, or to Brugmann's *Comparative Grammar* (English Trans.), vol. ii., p. 66., where he will find the form *muir-bran* = "sea-raven."

P. M. MACSWEENEY.

## APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

SUNDAY, May 12, 7.30 p.m. Ethical: "Goethe," by Mr. F. H. Peters.

MONDAY, May 13, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "Recent American Methods and Appliances employed in the Metallurgy of Copper, Lead, Gold, and Silver," IV., by Mr. James Douglas.

8 p.m. Library Association: "The Hammermith Public Library," by Mr. S. Martin.

8.30 p.m. Geographical: "A Journey on the Upper Euphrates," by Mr. D. G. Hogarth; "Journeys in the Peninsula of Halicarnassus," by Mr. J. L. Myres.

TUESDAY, May 14, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "Thirty Years' Progress in Biological Science," I., by Prof. Bay Lankester.

8 p.m. Colonial Institute: "The Imperial Aspects of Education," by the Rev. J. E. C. Weldon.

8.30 p.m. Anthropological: "Pygmies in Europe," by Prof. J. Kollmann; "A Remarkable Barrow at Sevenoaks, the Hastings Kitchen Middens, and some Specialized and Diminutive Forms of Flint Implements from Hastings Kitchen Midden and Sevenoaks," by Mr. W. J. Lewis Abbott; "The Rock Paintings and Carvings of the Australian Aborigines," by Mr. R. M. Mathews.

WEDNESDAY, May 15, 8 p.m. London Institution: "Monometallism," by Mr. J. Herbert Tritton.

7.30 p.m. Meteorological: "The November Floods of 1894 in the Thames Valley," by Messrs. G. J. Symons and G. Chatterton; "Barometrical Changes preceding and accompanying the Heavy Rainfall of November, 1894," by Mr. F. J. Brodie.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Means for mitigating the Fading of Pictures," by Capt. W. de W. Abney.

8 p.m. Elizabethan: "Satyromastix," by Mr. W. H. Cowham.

8 p.m. Microscopical: "The Anatomy of *Nyctothecus ovalis*," by Mr. W. C. Bosanquet; "A New Microtome for Cutting," by Dr. A. Bruce; "Some Details of the First Nucleus Division in the Polyp-mother-cells of *Lilium martagon*," &c., by Miss Ethel Sargent.

THURSDAY, May 16, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Liquefaction of Gases," IV., by Prof. Dewar.

4.30 p.m. Historical.

8 p.m. Chemical: "Kjeldahl's Process for the Determination of Nitrogen," by Dr. Bernard Dyer; "The Action of Nitrous Acid on 1 : 4 : 2 Dibromamine," by Prof. McDowell and Mr. E. R. Andrews; "Derivatives of Succinyl and Phthalyl Dithiocarbamides," by Prof. Dixon and Dr. Doran.

8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.

FRIDAY, May 17, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "R. L. Stevenson," by Prof. Walter Raleigh.

SATURDAY, May 18, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "Picture-Making," I., by Mr. Seymour Lucas.

## SCIENCE.

## THREE BOOKS ON PSYCHOLOGY.

Primer of Psychology. G. T. Ladd. (Longmans.)

"CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE SERIES." Introduction to Comparative Psychology. By C. Lloyd Morgan. (Walter Scott.)

Psychology for Teachers. By C. Lloyd Morgan. (Edward Arnold.)

The psychology of the study and the psychology of the laboratory is the comparison at first suggested by the books before us. Prof. Ladd's treatment of his subject is the more physiological, more in touch with the German masters from whom we are accustomed to derive our psychological *pabulum*; while Prof. Lloyd Morgan seems to have set down the stream of ideas passing through his own consciousness without much of the filtering and crystallising which characterises true scientific writing. Yet this comparison is more or less superficial; for Prof. Lloyd Morgan is really an original thinker, while here, as in his former books, Prof. Ladd gives us a digest of psychological investigations in American and Continental laboratories. His abstract is wrought in such a fashion as to make it thoroughly interesting. The arrangement of subjects and use of block-type for headings is admirable, the only fault being the omission of an index. The book is thoroughly to be recommended to elementary students.

It aims at describing and explaining the growth of mental life. Psychology is presented to us as a study of the experiences and doings of a "subject" or "self." The most familiar everyday experiences are its subject-matter, only they are not ordinarily regarded from the point of view of the psychologist. The common, practical, view is objective; here we deal with the subjective side of the same experiences. These mental experiences may be termed generally "consciousness," while we who are conscious of them are the self or mind of which they are the mental experiences. Consciousness and attention are thus first to be considered, and Prof. Ladd's account of the states, or fields, of consciousness is particularly lucid. The varying extent, intensity, speed, character of consciousness in different

individuals is one of the most fruitful regions of psychology. The physiological conditions of consciousness and attention are emphasised. Sensations are the modifications of consciousness experienced in the use of the organs of sense. They originate in consciousness, yet are immediately or ultimately excited from without. The relations of sensation and stimulus, as well as the limitations of the Weber-Fechner Law, are clearly stated. The physiology of feeling is propounded as a surplus of nervous energy in the cerebral centres. Prof. Ladd declares emphatically against the reduction of all feeling to "pleasure-pain," although these enter into almost all other feelings. The physiology of mental images and ideas is carefully stated. While certain properties of the brain-substance furnish the physical conditions of memory-images and images of fancy, there is no literal "copy" of any sense-impression; but there is a tendency on the part of the molecules of this substance to re-act in a similar way whenever they are again similarly excited. The treatment of fusion and association of ideas is concise and lucid.

The account of perception is somewhat meagre. It is merely defined as knowledge through the senses, sight and touch being separated from the rest as giving direct knowledge of the qualities of things. But the section dealing with visual perception is very able, and well expresses the relation of the latter with cerebral judgments. Here, as in reasoning and knowledge, reasoning is recognised as implicit in all our daily life, even in those mental acts which seem to be the result of direct perception by the senses. This process of reasoning is reduced to the simple syllogism, where, however, we notice a serious misprint—M is P, S is M, ∴ S is P—not ∴ as in the text.

The emotions are treated physiologically, and distinguished from less intense feelings by their resulting bodily developments. "In their highly emotional form all feelings run, as it were, a sort of limited physiological career." They are distinguished from passions as being less voluntary and habitual. "Women are more emotional than men, but men are more passionate than women. Strong emotions are sources of weakness, but strong passions may be sources of strength." In desires, again, we have "the stress of feeling ready to break over into a definite act of will toward some particular end." Will and character are the outcome of "mental life," which manifests itself to the subject of that life as spontaneous activity. "To be active" and "to do" are fundamental terms of our experience. Conation, "the active aspect of mental life," is physiologically reducible to the "automatism" of the central nervous system, whence the motor activities evolve upwards into voluntary movement. An act of volition implies a certain development of will, and of all the connected conscious powers of the mind. "It may be defined as a definite conation (or conscious doing) directed toward realising some end that is pictured before the mind, preceded or accompanied by a condition of desire, and usually accompanied or followed by a feeling of effort." And thus character becomes a double process of being stamped and stamping ourselves. Our natural disposition is moulded, not only by circumstances, but also by the way in which we take, seize, appropriate, and use the circumstances by responsive choices, plans, and in general deeds of will. Finally, temperament, development, effect of age and race, are touched upon, with the proviso that we cannot postulate laws of mind in the same sense as laws of material masses and atoms. Four principles of mental development can, however, be recognised—

continuity, relativity, solidarity, and final purpose; and the closing words have a ring of the old Stoic philosophy:

"The true and higher development is attained only as matters are more thoroughly put into our own hands. He who knows himself, who plans his own life, who takes himself in hand to carry out that plan, and who selects such a plan as will worthily dominate and control all the mental facilities, he it is who is most entitled to be called a true soul, or mind. A plausibly mental life is scarcely worthy to be called a genuine mental life."

It is less easy to digest the work of Prof. Lloyd Morgan. His careful studies in animal psychology are valuable, not less for their positive conclusions than for their well-timed warning against rash generalisations from the comparative method of observation.

Apart from these chapters—perhaps the most permanent (as being the most experimental) part of the larger book—we may regard the *Psychology for Teachers* as an epitome of the earlier *Introduction to Comparative Psychology*. In both the complex nature of consciousness is insisted on. Not merely "focal" but also "marginal" elements have to be considered. "The moment of consciousness embraces a psychical wave, with a summit or crest of clear consciousness, a short rising slope of dawning consciousness, and a longer falling slope of waning consciousness." This wave is diagrammatically represented. Perception is more comprehensively treated than in Prof. Ladd's "Primer," although the definition "perception of relations among sense-phenomena" really covers the same ground as Ladd's "reasoning" or "judgment."

As Dr. Fitch tells us in his preface, the *Psychology for Teachers* is designed to meet a very real want in pedagogic literature. In order to superintend the formation of character and understanding in children, some knowledge of the material it is proposed to work on is essential, together with the conditions of its development and growth. To this end the lectures before us are very suggestive: yet we question whether some previous knowledge of psychology would not be required in order to appreciate the value of the book. We miss the terse language and sharp presentation of Prof. Ladd. It is less difficult, in view of the scant time and many occupations of the Board School teacher, to conceive the "mental grasp of impressions into one field of consciousness, varying with individual variations of character," than to "analyse our states of consciousness into focus and margin, and to differentiate the focal from the merely marginal elements"; and we doubt if the average mind will discover in a country walk: (1) the sense-ideas in the focus of consciousness; (2) a good deal of re-presentative margin forming the background of ideas; (3) a certain amount of presentative margin due to the stimuli which are affecting our special senses. An elementary book, moreover, should surely appeal to the eye as well as to the understanding, and here again the work of Prof. Ladd must take precedence. Both alike will lead the student on from the commonplaces of the text-book to that perception of life and its relations, to discover which is the function of true education.

FRANCES A. WELBY.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### ORIGIN OF NIMROD.

Oxford: May 6, 1895.

I am glad to be informed by Prof. Paul Haupt that the theory connecting the name of Nimrod with that of the Kassite King Nazi-Maraddas is not the property of Prof. Hilprecht, from whom Prof. Sayce quoted it in his review of Hilprecht's *Assyriaca* (ACADEMY, March 2).

In July, 1884, Prof. Haupt published a paper, called "The Language of Nimrod the Kushite," in the *Andover Review*, in the course of which he states the opinion that **תְּרֵבָה** was shortened from **תְּרֵבָה מְרַדָּס**. Maraddas, he adds, is the Kossaeen god of hunting. Compare also his note on p. 91b of the Johns Hopkins *University Circulars*, vol. xi., No. 98 (May, 1892).

T. K. CHEYNE.

#### THE THUNDERBOLT OF THE ASSYRIANS.

London: May 7, 1895.

In the ACADEMY of October 20, 1894, in a notice of my *Flora of the Assyrian Monuments and its Outcomes*, it is stated that:

"We have epigraphic authority that the god who carries the thunderbolt is Ramman, the god of the air, whose weapon was the thunderbolt."

Count Goblet d'Alviella, in his review of the same book, in the *Revue de l'Histoire des Religions* (tom. xxx., No. 1, p. 96), says:

"J'accepterai parfaitement qu'en façonnant le trident mis entre les mains de Ramman, dieu de l'air et de l'orage, l'artiste Assyrien ait été influencé, consciemment ou non, par sa propre façon de représenter la tige sacrée avec des cornes symboliques. Mais ce n'est pas une raison pour suivre M. Bonavia, quand il en déduit que l'attribut du dieu est une forme réduite de l'arbre sacré—c'est-à-dire une tige ornée d'une paire de cornes—et que par suite, le fondre ou trident redoublé représentent simplement chez les Assyriens une double paire de cornes avec la tige sacrée au milieu."

In my researches I put to myself the question: Why has the thunderbolt in Ramman's hand a straight middle prong, while the two side prongs are wavy?

In all the photographs of lightning which I have seen, the thunderbolt is wavy and never straight. Whence does the straight middle prong of the mythological thunderbolt come?

The only answer that I could find to my question was that this supposed thunderbolt was copied from a pair of spiral horns tied to a stick, horns having been, from the most ancient times, used as a weapon against the evil eye, and possibly also against all manner of evil spirits.

In studying the genesis of this form of weapon, or charm, it became evident to me that the artist who placed that thunderbolt in Ramman's hand had seen the same thing somewhere else as a weapon of some sort, independently of thunderbolts: that the figure was so registered in the convolutions of his brain, and that he unconsciously gave it the same form, when depicting a god of the tempest. The caduceus in the hand of Mercury appeared to me to be the same thing modified into a pretty form by Greek artists. Mr. Elsworth, in his recent book on *The Evil Eye*, thinks that Mercury carried the caduceus in his hand as a charm to guard himself, in his flights, against injuries of the evil eye. And I do not think that the zigzag caduceus in each hand of the god (shown on p. 164, fig. 87a, of my book) has ever been taken for a thunderbolt.

So that in spite of there being epigraphic authority that the god Ramman is the god of the air, whose weapon is a thunderbolt, it does not appear to me to follow that the Assyrian or Chaldean artist did not copy this form of thunderbolt from a previous form which had nothing to do with thunderbolts, but originated in a pair of spiral horns tied to a straight stick, and used as a protection against either the evil eye or connected with some other superstition regarding evil power. The fact remains that, as shown by Mr. Elsworth, both the so-called "thunderbolt," or double trident, and the so-called "fleur-de-lys," with many other things, were used as charms for protection against the evil eye.

On p. 371, fig. 181, of *The Evil Eye*, Mr. Elsworth shows, among other charms, a double hand and

a trident; on p. 372, fig. 182, he gives a genuine thunderbolt, a spear in the shape of a fleur-de-lys, and a lyre, besides other things, all used as charms. On p. 373, fig. 183, he gives a double fleur-de-lys, a trident, a lyre, a double pair of horns, all having the power, according to the ancients, of warding off injuries worked through the evil eye.

It may be of some importance to note that in those days the doubling of the trident, of the hand, of the fleur-de-lys, of a pair of horns was a common practice, as if to render the charm more powerful.

E. BONAVIA

#### SCIENCE NOTES.

THE following fifteen candidates have been selected by the council for election into the Royal Society: Mr. J. Wolfe Barry, Prof. A. G. Bourne, Mr. G. H. Bryan, Mr. J. Eliot, Prof. J. R. Green, Mr. E. H. Griffiths, Mr. C. T. Heycock, Prof. S. J. Hickson, Major H. C. L. Holden, Mr. F. McLean, Prof. W. MacEwen, Dr. S. Martin, Prof. G. M. Minchin, Mr. W. H. Power, and Prof. T. Purdie.

*Major Rennell and the Rise of Modern English Geography*, by Clements R. Markham, will form vol. ii. of the "Century Science" series, edited by Sir Henry Roscoe, to be published by Messrs. Cassell & Co. on May 17.

DR. A. TILLE, of Glasgow, author of "Die Geschichte der Deutsche Weihnacht," will publish immediately a philosophical work entitled *Von Darwin nach Nietzsche*, in which he traces the so-called Allgemeine Weltanschauung, of which Nietzsche is the leading representative, to the scientific doctrines of Darwin.

AT the Royal Institution on Tuesday next Prof. E. Ray Lankester will begin a course of four lectures on "Thirty Years' Progress in Biological Science."

AT the meeting of the Anthropological Institute on Tuesday next, among the papers to be read are: "Pygmies in Europe," by Prof. Kollmann; and "The Rock Paintings and Carvings of the Australian Aborigines," by Mr. R. H. Mathews.

AT the meeting of the Royal Meteorological Society on Wednesday next papers will be read on "The November Floods of 1894 in the Thames Valley," and on "Barometrical Changes preceding and accompanying the Heavy Rainfall of November, 1894."

DR. RICHARD HANITSCH, demonstrator of zoology at University College, Liverpool, has been appointed to the curatorship of the Raffles Museum, at Singapore.

PROF. WOLCOTT GIBBS, of Harvard, has been elected president of the National Academy of Sciences at Washington, for a term of six years, in succession to Prof. Marsh.

MAGISTER FRIEDRICH SCHMIDT, of St. Petersburg, has been elected a foreign member of the Geological Society.

AT the general monthly meeting of the Royal Institution, held last Monday, special thanks were returned to Mr. George Matthey, for his donation of £50 to the fund for the promotion of experimental research at low temperatures.

THE issue of *Nature* for last week prints in full two papers that were read at a recent meeting of the Royal Society, dealing with the nature of the gas from uraninite. One is by Prof. William Ramsay, on "A Gas showing the Spectrum of Helium, the Reputed Cause of D<sub>3</sub>, one of the Lines in the Spectrum of the Sun's Chromosphere"; the other is by Mr. J. Norman Lockyer on "The New Gas obtained from Uraninite. The latter states, under reserve, that the method adopted may ultimately provide us with oth-

new gases, the lines of which are also associated with those of the chromosphere.

MESSRS. DULAU have issued a catalogue of the *Philosophical Transactions* of the Royal Society, which includes a complete set from 1824 to 1893, and also a very large number of separate papers. Among them are series by Sir Humphry Davy, William and Sir F. Herschell, Sir E. Sabine, Sir David Brewster, Faraday, Sir Richard Owen, and Cayley. We specially notice Darwin's "Observations on the Parallel Roads of Glen Roy . . . with an Attempt to prove that they are of Marine Origin" (1839).

#### PHILOLOGY NOTES.

AT the anniversary meeting of the Philological Society, held on May 3, Prof. Strachan's paper, on "The Verbal System of the *Saltair na Rann*," proved of such interest to the audience that they asked the professor to treat all the parts of speech as well as the verb, and also the syntax of the poems. This he promised to do in his long vacation, and to print his paper before Christmas. The *Saltair*, or Psalter of the Quatrains, is a set of 150 ballads on the history of the world from the Creation, in Old Irish (A.D. 988). Mr. Whitley Stokes edited it for the Clarendon Press "Anecdota."

PROF. GEORG BÜHLER, of Vienna, has recently published two papers on the origin of the Indian Alphabet, in anticipation of his forthcoming "Grundriss der Indischen Palaeographie." One of these, in the *Sitzungsberichte* of the Imperial Academy of Science (Vienna: Tempsky), deals with the characters known as Southern, or Indian Pali, to which he prefers to give the native name of Brahma. The other, in the *Zeitschrift f. d. Kunde d. Morgenl.*, deals with the Northern, Arian, or Bactro-Pali, which similarly he calls Kharosthi. For both alike he elaborately proves an Aramaean origin, though at different dates and by different channels. We hope soon to be able to print a detailed summary of his arguments and conclusions, which are extremely important, not only from the point of view of palaeography, but as illuminating the early history of India. For the present, we must be content to quote one remarkable passage, which he borrows from Mr. E. J. Rapson, of the British Museum:

"During the period of Achaemenid rule (510-331 B.C.) Persian coins circulated in the Punjab. Gold double staters were actually struck in India, probably in the latter half of the fourth century. Many of the silver *siglos*, moreover, bear countermarks so similar to the native punch-marks as to make it seem probable that the two classes of coins were in circulation together; and this probability is increased by the occurrence on *siglos*, recently acquired by the British Museum, of Brahma and Kharosthi letters."

Prof. Bühler rightly regards this as decisive corroboration of Dr. Isaac Taylor's theory that the Kharosthi alphabet is due to the Achaemenian conquest and occupation of north-western India.

#### REPORTS OF SOCIETIES.

CLIFTON SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.—(Saturday, April 27.)

MISS LOUISA MARY DAVIES in the chair.—"Much Ado about Nothing" was the play for consideration. The evening was principally devoted to the discussion of the ethical tendency in Shakespeare's plays. This was commenced by the reading of a paper by a member of the Melbourne Shakespeare Society, who combated Shakespeare's right to the title of hero in the ordinary sense of the word, and who stated that it would be a mistake to make him our literary ideal or take him as guide, philosopher, and friend. His marvellous beauty, wit, wisdom, and

power of expression cannot be gainsaid, but there are absent qualities more important than these. He exercised no influence on the periods after him; he began and ended with himself. Neither our philosophy nor our character has been moulded or modified in the slightest degree by him. He sets the world right in no particular. He makes no discovery of the many truths that lie unknown and unseen round us. He advocates and enforces none of those known to us. He espouses no cause, but is distinctly neutral in the great struggle between wisdom and folly, light and darkness, good and evil, that makes up life in this world. Mighty as was his intellect, and mightiest as was his power of speech, he gave the world no help by sign or sound in its stumbling, purling progress. The world owes him the possession of perhaps its greatest intellectual pleasure; but that is all, and not sufficient to entitle him to the sainthood of England, or to take rank above many writers who could be named. The poet—the ideal poet—is the highest figure in literature; for poetry is not a branch of literature, but its highest mode of expression. But no graces of expression can atone for inferiority in the aim and subject matter. The difference between Shakespeare and the ideal poet is analogous to that between the picturesque annalist and the philosophic historian. The highest praise that can be accorded to Shakespeare's works is that they are things of beauty. Beauty, certainly, has a use and elevating power of its own; but it is a reflective and very subordinate one, and, Keats notwithstanding, it is the last defence of any literary work, viewed from its loftiest standpoint. No one can feel impelled to purity, truth, charity, or any nobleness of mind by Shakespeare's works. The tone of all his writings does not prove that he was even a religious pagan. Marvellous as Shakespeare's wisdom is, it is not of the highest kind, it is of the earth, earthly.—Mr. Arthur S. Way read a paper which he had prepared in answer. He said that Shakespeare was not a man with a mission, in the narrow sense of concentrating his powers on the proclamation of some new principle of thought or action. He wrote not for an age, but for all time. The charges wrought against him resolve themselves into those of moral indifference and moral cowardice. To infer that, because he shows us men and women as they really are, he is a mere realist, is to misconceive that consummate feature in his art without which he could not be a great moral teacher. If he depicted men and women who were not of like passions with ourselves, to whom life's temptations could not appeal, or placed them amid surroundings which we knew instinctively to be unattractive for ourselves, how could we be instructed or stimulated, or warned by their example? Shakespeare has, however, plenty of sermons, but no sermonizing. He veils his teaching in romance and parable, in music and song. His men and women pass before our eyes, not mouthing texts and spinning homilies, but working out their destinies, choosing good or evil, and receiving the same—sowing like Falstaff to the flesh, and of the flesh reaping corruption; like Macbeth, sowing the wind and reaping the whirlwind—that men may know that it is not blind chance or partial saints that turn or stay the wheels of fate, but that verily there is a God that judgeth in the earth. Clear and unfaltering as the voice of Holy Writ, peals through his pages the cry, "Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil, that put darkness for light and light for darkness." He speaks encouragement and inspiration to those who fight against wrong; pointing to others who have toiled and suffered as they, and like whom they too may triumph; for the evildoers he lifts up a beacon-light above rocks that would wreck the drifting soul, and he never drapes those rocks with roses nor veils them beneath a smiling sea. And Shakespeare, too, speaks not only nor chiefly of the outward punishment, which sometimes seems to us to linger, but of that inward retribution which does not tarry. But he tells men these things, not in set speeches, not in formal phrases of theologians, not in the dogmatic assertions of exhorters, or tempestuous rantings of hot-gospellers, but in the living actions of men and women, in the spectacle of their struggles and their agonies, of their triumph and their shame, in revelations of secret hearts, in lightning flashes that light up abysses of moral gloom, and gleam far down the gulf of hell. To charge Shakespeare with moral cowardice is to show ignorance of the fitness of seasons. When Milton launched into the career

of a pamphleteer, the cause of civil and religious liberty was emphatically the popular cause. Shakespeare knew that the time for such writing had not come. What could it have availed in the days of the Tudor tyranny, when Elizabeth made even despotism popular, for a solitary poet to lift up his voice against the iniquitous monopolies, or against the bridling of free speech, or against religious coercion, when the united voice of Parliament could scarce win a hearing? Shakespeare's aim was not to rub off the excrescences on the surface of society, but to go down to the heart and core of it, to combat those influences which in individual men and women were in danger of poisoning the springs of the nation's life. Shakespeare took sides in the struggle—not of Parliament against Sovereign, not of Protestant against Papist, not of Nonconformist against Establishment—antagonisms which are not eternal—but of truth against falsehood, of purity against defilement, of love and charity against hate and intolerance, of selfless honesty and trustful faith and rectitude of soul against the lawlessness of greed and the nightmare of unfaith; and there is no discharge in that war.—Mr. L. M. Griffiths read some notes on "A Few Obscure Allusions in 'Much Ado about Nothing.'"

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—(Annual Meeting, Wednesday, May 1.)

SIR JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE, treasurer, in the chair.

The annual report of the committee of visitors for 1894, testifying to the continued prosperity and efficient management of the Institution, was read and adopted. The real and funded property now amounts to above £102,000, entirely derived from the contributions and donations of the members, and of others appreciating the value of the work of the Institution. Sixty-two new members were elected in 1894, and 63 lectures and 19 evening discourses were delivered. The books and pamphlets presented in 1894 amounted to about 242 volumes, making, with 578 volumes purchased by the managers, a total of 820 volumes added to the library during the year. The following were elected as officers for the ensuing year: President, the Duke of Northumberland; treasurer, Sir James Crichton-Browne; secretary, Sir Frederick Bramwell; managers, Sir Frederick Abel, Captain W. de Abney, Lord Amherst, Mr. William Anderson, Sir Benjamin Baker, Messrs. John Birkett, William Crookes, Edward Frankland, Charles Hawksley, John Hopkinson, Alfred Bray Kempe, George Matthey, the Marquis of Salisbury, Messrs. Joseph William Swan, Basil Wood Smith; visitors, Messrs. John Wolfe Barry, Dr. Charles Beevor, Arthur Carmichael, Carl Haag, Victor Horsley, Hugh Leonard, Sir Joseph Lister, Messrs. Lachlan Mackintosh Rate, Alfred Gordon Salomon, Dr. Felix Semon, Henry Virtue Tebbs, Silvanus P. Thompson, John Westlake, Judge Frederick Meadows White, and Sir William H. White.

ANGLO-RUSSIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.—(Tuesday, May 7.)

E. A. CAZALET, Esq., president, in the chair.—Lieut.-General F. H. Tyrrell read a paper on "Russia and the Armenians." The history of the ancient kingdom of Armenia is carried back by its people to the times of the mythical Kings Aram and Arai, from whom the name of the country and of its highest mountain, Ararat, are derived. The Prophet Jeremiah refers to it as Mini (Har-Mini, the mountain of Mini), in the eloquent passage in which he marshals the kings of the Medes and their vassal kingdoms against the arch-enemy Babylon. Armenia became successively a Persian satrapy, and a Macedonian province: in the words of Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, "the bridge by which civilisation passed into Europe, and by which Hellenic culture returned once more to the East." A native rising against the rule of the Graeco-Syrian Seleucidae made Armenia a national kingdom once more; and its fall before the all-conquering march of the Roman legions is commemorated by the boastful utterance of its king, Tigranes, at the sight of the army of Lucullus: "If they come as ambassadors, they are too many; if as enemies, too few." Armenia for long afterwards enjoyed the unhappy position of what is called in modern political jargon a "Buffer State" between the

hostile empires and rival civilisations of the West and the East. A branch of the Arsacide royal family of Parthia mounted her throne, and arrayed her forces on the side of the Easterns; but the overthrow of the Parthian power by the resurrection of Persia under the Sassanide dynasty threw her again into the arms of Rome. The conversion of Tiridates the Great to Christianity through the preaching of St. Gregory the Illuminator, finally cemented the Roman alliance; and the border state thenceforward suffered cruelly at the hands of the Persian Fire worshippers, till the Arab and Mohammanadan conquest in the seventh century involved oppressor and oppressed in one common ruin. During the decline of the Saracen empire Armenia again revived under the dynasty of the Bagratidae, who professed to trace their pedigree to David; and during the Crusades the Christian kingdom enjoyed a precarious independence, which was finally extinguished by the Mameluke Sultans of Egypt, who had just expelled the Crusaders from the Holy Land. Leo, the last King of Armenia, died in exile at Paris in 1393. Since that time the Armenians have been wanderers in many lands, like the Jews and the Parsis, with whose national character and condition they present many points of resemblance. Armenian communities and congregations are to be found to-day scattered over the world from Moscow to Madras, and from Manchester to Batavia; but a large proportion of the nation has remained an agricultural people, and continues to cultivate the ancestral soil. The national existence of this Armenian nation has been for the past six centuries one long martyrdom. The strife of Caesar and Sassanide has been renewed between the Sunni Turk and the Shah Persian, who have alternately, through the changeable fortune of incessant war, become the masters of the land of Armenia and of the lives and fortunes of its Christian inhabitants. When the country was spared the horrors of foreign war, it was distracted by the perpetual broils of the Pashas or of the Janissaries with the Porte. At the best of times the Christian peasantry were exploited for the benefit of their Mussulman rulers, and exposed without redress to the capricious brutality of the ruffianly Turkish soldiery. In the eighteenth century the success of the Russian arms in the Caucasus revived hope in Armenian breasts; and in the early years of the Tsar Nicholas' reign all Persian Armenia, north of the river Aras, or Araxes, was annexed to Russia. After the Russo-Turkish War of 1828-29 more than 200,000 Armenians emigrated from Turkish into Russian Armenia. The late massacres in Armenia are only a repetition of the atrocities by which the Nestorian Christians of Chaldea and the "Devil-worshipping" Yezidis have been all but exterminated within the present generation by the fanatical Kurdish tribes. The situation in Armenia has been lately aggravated by the immigration of many Lazis and Circassians from the districts lately ceded by Turkey to Russia. Repeated experience has proved that the Ottoman Porte is quite unable to maintain order in its own territories; and the only alternative to the total extermination of the Christians in Armenia is the armed occupation of the country by a European power. By the sixteenth article of the Treaty of San Stefano, Russia made herself responsible for the maintenance of order in Turkish Armenia; but by the sixty-first article of the Treaty of Berlin, the responsibility was shifted to the great powers of Europe; and we all know that what is everybody's business is nobody's business. The prosperous condition of Russian Armenia, and the wealth and contentment of its people, are in striking contrast to the state of affairs in the Turkish province. In Russia, many of the high administrative posts are filled by Armenians; and in the Russian army there are twenty-six generals who are Armenians by birth. The substitution of Russian for Turkish administration throughout the whole of Armenia may be regarded with equanimity by every friend of humanity and of progress.—The Rev. A. Thompson and Mr. E. Delmar Morgan made some remarks. The president related reminiscences of his travels in Transcaucasia and of his personal acquaintance with Armenians. He said that, by the treaty which ceded Cyprus, Lord Beaconsfield had pledged Great Britain to insist that Christians inhabiting Turkey in Asia should be treated with humanity.

## FINE ART.

### THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

## I.

THERE is more than the usual lack of agreement, both among the critics and with the public generally, as to whether this is or is not what is conventionally termed a good Academy. So much depends on the standpoint of those who would, without hesitation or misgiving, sit in judgment on our great miscellaneous gathering of pictures at Burlington House as a whole. For that larger public which looks upon the Royal Academy mainly as the biggest summer show, and expects from it variety of anecdote in painting and canvases of sensational interest, there may be some disappointment. There is to be noted a partial renewal of Sir J. E. Millais's art which must at any rate command the most sympathetic attention; but Sir Frederic Leighton, Mr. Orchardson, Mr. Luke Fildes, Mr. Poynter, and some other artists of note, belonging to what may be termed the inner phalanx of the Academy, are hardly seen at their best. *En revanche*, Prof. Herkomer has produced what is—however we may judge it as a work of art—the optical sensation of the Academy; Mr. J. S. Sargent shows himself as surprisingly clever, as unconventional, a painter of men as he is of women; M. Carolus-Duran makes a welcome re-appearance at Burlington House; Mr. Alma Tadema outdoes himself in industry and elaboration; Mr. W. B. Richmond brings forward at least one praiseworthy effort in the direction of monumental decoration. Apart from the exceptional works of Mr. Sargent, and the contributions to the year's display of Sir J. E. Millais and Prof. Herkomer, the chief interest of the exhibition lies in the insight which it affords to the observer who cares to go a little below the surface of things, as to the direction which British art is now decisively taking.

Whether we consider the works of the moderates in modernity, such as Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, Mr. J. M. Swan, Mr. Stanhope Forbes, Mr. David Murray, Mr. Gotch, Mr. Arthur Hacker, Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, Mr. Logsdale, or the more extreme band, such as Mr. George Clausen, Mr. Frank Bramley (in his new phase), Mr. Henry Tuke, Mr. Frank Brangwyn, Mr. Cayle Robinson—to name only a few of the most prominent innovators represented on this occasion—we cannot fail to see that, as regards the younger generation, the face of English art is already changed. For good or for evil, modern French technique, and more or less the modern French standpoint, now colours the painted work of young England, and will, it is pretty safe to surmise, continue to do so for an indefinite period. We have taken our fever later, and in a much milder form, than the Scandinavians or the Americans—later even than the advanced brigade of modern German art. Like the first-named, we shall, it appears, be saved from absorption, such as the Americans as a school have suffered, by the strength of the national temperament, much more than by the waning traditions of the English school.

To attempt to stem the tide at this advanced stage would be merely foolish, though one may well wish—as the most benevolent of our French critics and admirers do fervently wish—that the further development of our painters had been generated from within, and not from without. Rather let those who possess authority and influence endeavour to guide the onrushing stream, and confine it within its proper banks. In mentioning above a few of the names of modern artists, we have been perchance compelled to omit some of the most interesting, because they are either very imperfectly represented or not represented at all.

The Scotch impressionists, though just tolerated at the Academy, have never made it their stronghold. They know that they will be treated with scant fairness, and they accordingly do not take the trouble to put forth their full strength. To make more than a casual acquaintance with them out of Glasgow and Edinburgh, one must seek them out at the Salon of the Champ de Mars, and at the two rival exhibitions which are now annually opposed to each other at Munich.

Among artists of great promise and, indeed, already of great accomplishment, whom we are sorry to miss on the present occasion, are Mr. Charles Furse, Mr. Lorimer, and Mr. Edward Stott. The last-named painter, who is certainly one of the most original, one of the most genuinely progressive, of the English landscape-painters, has not—unless rumour speaks with lying tongue—found favour with the hanging committee this year.

In England we know Mr. J. S. Sargent chiefly as a painter of female portraits; but it should not be forgotten that one of his first great successes in Paris was made with the portrait of his master, M. Carolus-Duran. He has twice portrayed here, with a masterly skill which even those most opposed to his school and his point of view must admit, Mr. Coventry Patmore. The time-worn features of the poet are, perhaps, more sympathetically depicted in the sketch-portrait (737), with more absolute vividness and force in the finished picture (172), the aspect and design of which slightly, yet notably, vary from that of its precursor. There must necessarily be—whether on or below the surface—something more of sympathy and charm in the personality of the eminent man of letters than Mr. Sargent has seen, or chosen to see, in it: something that Mr. Watts, for instance, would have been able to suggest, though he might partially fail in giving the features, the outward structure of the physical individuality. From the Anglo-American painter's own point of view it is difficult to imagine anything done with a more Hals-like certainty and breadth, with a more incisive strength and concision, with a greater felicity in the expression of physical character. The painter is in another mood in the singularly original full-length "W. Graham Robertson, Esq." (503), which must count among the most successful portraits that he has produced down to the present time. The idea of painting thus, with sombre surroundings, and in lines mainly perpendicular, a young man of slender figure and somewhat unusual type, may possibly have been suggested by Mr. Whistler's "Comte Robert de Montesquieu," which was at the Champ de Mars last year, but of imitation there can, of course, be no question between two artists of this calibre. It is not easy to explain with mere words how Mr. Sargent has made out of the simple elements to which he has restricted himself, and with a tonality rivalling in unrelieved sombreness that which characterises the canvases of Velazquez, and of Mr. Whistler himself, a fascinating picture. There is an alertness, a momentariness in the arrested action of the slender figure, an expression of nerve-force, as distinguished from muscularity, which make of this portrait, apart from its purely pictorial qualities, a perfect expression of the thoroughly modern individuality placed before us. The only fault that even hypercriticism can find with the execution is that the intense, yet cold, light is concentrated almost too strongly upon the finely modelled head. The execution is not less remarkable for its reticence than for its force and directness; the hand of the master is so assured of its cunning, that he disdains any longer to indulge in unnecessary *bravura*. The female portraits of this painter are, on the

present occasion, less important than those of the sterner sex. The half-length "Mrs. Russell Cooke" has, however, a tremendous power of self-assertion, which go far to dwarf and extinguish its neighbours. It has the almost brutal frankness in treatment of Frans Hals, but not his buoyancy or his contagious optimism.

Mr. Sargent's teacher, M. Carolus-Duran, is kinder this year to the Academy than he is to the Salon of the Champ de Mars, where, for the first time, he is unrepresented. His single contribution, "William Robinson, Esq." (350), is a superbly direct and brilliant piece of painting, such as we expect from this master of the brush, especially when his subjects are other than the aspiring dames of the cosmopolitan plutocracy which has its headquarters in Paris. Its merit, is nevertheless, purely pictorial: it does not set us thinking, either about the artist or his model.

Prof. Herkomer's vast, and in its way exceedingly clever, group, "The Burgomaster of Landsberg, Bavaria, with his Town Council," leaves the spectator in some doubt as to how he should take it. Seen from afar—facing as it does the main entrance opposite the staircase—it produces a surprising effect of the *trompe l'œil* order; the numerous personages thus acquiring the relief and reality of life, as they do in the panoramas of the higher and more artistic order. The council-room of the municipality in Mr. Herkomer's native town is shown in formal, carefully worked-out perspective, the worthy councillors being ranged in oak seats on either side, while in the centre the burgomaster and the town-clerk appear at the table of office, backed by a blue curtain which veils and partly shuts out the daylight admitted by a central window. The casements to the right and left are opened wide, and reveal the quaint house-fronts and gables of the Bavarian town. Startlingly real is undoubtedly the sober and not precisely interesting scene thus conjured up before the eyes of the spectator; but in its formal repetition of parts it is wanting in that decorative attractiveness which the Dutchmen of the seventeenth century managed to impart to their similar groups, even when they depicted the most stolid and self-conscious burghers. Mr. Herkomer, in avoiding the pitfall of a too palpable artificiality, has fallen into another—that of a too timid adherence to the mere outside realities of his subject. There is, let us hasten to add, much rugged force and simplicity in the portrayal of the artist's compatriots, and an earnestness about the whole which proves that it has been a labour of love. The atmospheric envelopment of the figures and of the whole dreary scene is capital; but the picture is emphatically one with which one would not care to live on very intimate terms. The best of Prof. Herkomer's other portraits is "The Right Hon. Cecil Rhodes" (188). We miss, as one usually does miss in his work, the finer qualities of the painter—harmony and vibration of colour, subtlety in the modelling, inventiveness in the design. But here is at any rate what most people not unnaturally look for as the essential quality of a portrait—a convincing likeness, interpreting nothing particular, and showing no especial originality of standpoint, but having in it, nevertheless, an element of breadth and strength. It is these qualities, no doubt, which cause the Anglo-Bavarian artist's popularity with the larger public to rest on so solid a basis. He is, above all, a safe man when the portrait of a notability is to be painted; and if the greatest happiness of the greatest number is to be taken into consideration, this is clearly of importance.

It is very touching to note how, when old age is approaching, Sir J. E. Millais enters upon a new phase of his art, or rather reverts

to a former style and mode of conception; quite spontaneously, however, and without any conscious imitation of his former self. The picture by the English master of which one is most reminded by his contributions to this year's Academy is the beautiful "Eve of St. Agnes," though it would be disingenuous flattery to assert that technically the later performances are equal to that exquisite, but even now not very widely appreciated, work. "St. Stephen" (18) shows the youthful martyr lying dead in the pale, clear light of an invisible moon, his brow shattered by a ghastly wound. The treatment of the moonlight is unconventional and clever, the handling solid; but what charms the beholder most, is the naive and almost child-like poetry of the conception. This return to the mode of thought and feeling of the earlier Pre-Raphaelites makes itself felt, too, in another example, "A Disciple" (166), in which we may further note the fine quality of the black mantle which envelops the youthful figure seated in an attitude of meditation and prayer. It is, however, in the large canvas, "Speak, Speak" (251), Sir J. E. Millais's most important contribution to the year's pictures, that the renewal of his style and the return to the old starting-point is most clearly to be traced. We are in a sombre chamber, lighted on the one side by the moonlight stealing through a narrow casement, on the other, by the warmer radiance projected from a candelabrum of strange form placed by the side of a vast bed, shadowed by sombre green curtains. From this couch starts up, more in passion even than in affright, a man in the full vigour of early manhood, who appears to supplicate ardently a visionary form—the luminous shadow of the lost one which the intensity of his longing has evoked. Fine points might be noted almost everywhere in the execution. We must admire the quality of the moonlight which lights up one end of the dark chamber, the opalescent tones of the shadowy figure, and the flashing jewels encircling her brow and waist, which, almost too brilliant for the rest, light up the scene. The execution is throughout of a masculine breadth and simplicity, the heavy, murky atmosphere being most convincingly rendered. Where the master fails, it is by reason of a certain curious literalness and insistence on the material side of his conception, which robs it too much of mystery, because it leaves the imagination with little or nothing to suggest, to complete for itself. We admire the pathos, the beauty of the informing idea, yet are not carried away into the dim borderland between dreaming and waking, whither the painter would fain transport us. Of the famous trio of the original Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, this is the one whose genius least well fits him to be wholly successful in such an imaginative work as this.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

#### THE CHAMPS ELYSÉES SALON.

WHATEVER may be said in praise of the Champ de Mars from the aesthetical point of view, it must be recognised that the Champs Elysées still remains the popular Salon. This is due, to a certain extent, to the fact that many familiar names figure on its catalogue, and that the general character of the exhibits is more varied than at the Champ de Mars, where a certain monotony prevails. Then, the historical, the anecdotic, the *genre* pictures, so interesting to the general public, are numerous; while the unique situation of the Palais d'Industrie and its pleasant May surroundings attract both Parisians and visitors, many of whom often hesitate to venture so far as the Champ de Mars.

Foremost among the attractions of this Salon stand M. Detaille's equestrian portraits of the

Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught in full uniform. The expression, the attitude of the two Princes, their horses, their military surroundings, are admirably painted; the details are correct to a button. This is a royal picture, royally painted, and splendidly framed. But the popular picture of the exhibition is M. Brouillet's "Vaccination for Croup at the Hospital Rousseau." In one of the children's ward, on the spotless white bed, lies a curly-headed child, held down by two nurses. The doctor is in the act of injecting the serum; round him are grouped the medical staff and students. The scene is bathed in an atmosphere of white light. The *ensemble* is very striking and greatly impresses all who see the picture. Next in popularity comes M. Chaperon's spirited illustration of the following description of General Macard in Marbot's *Memoirs*:

"Ce singulier personnage, véritable colosse d'une bravoure extraordinaire, ne manquait pas de s'écrier lorsqu'il allait charger à la tête de ses troupes: 'Allons, je vais m'habiller en bête! . . .' Il était alors son habit, sa veste, sa chemise, et ne gardait que son chapeau empanaché, sa culotte de peau et ses grosses bottes! . . . Une fois habillé en bête, le général Macard se lançait à corps perdu, le sabre au poing sur les cavaliers ennemis, en jurant comme un païen. . . ."

The general is represented riding like a madman in advance of his squadron, in every respect the very semblance of a wild beast. M. Roybet's "Saraband" is also a very popular picture. Two quaintly dressed children are dancing to the tune played on a guitar by their father, while the mother looks on approvingly. Dresses and surroundings are of the seventeenth century, and this brilliant *pastiche* of Flemish art shows that M. Roybet has studied Rubens and Franz Hals to advantage.

The Grand Salon is principally devoted to the exhibition of large canvases, such as M. J.-Paul Laurens' immense illustration of an episode of the siege of Toulouse, in 1278—the rebuilding of the city wall by the inhabitants—an uninteresting picture, scarcely worthy of the painter's reputation. M. Gervais' representation of Maria de Padilla stepping out of her bath in the presence of her royal lover and his courtiers; M. Csok's "Elizabeth Bathori"; M. Chalon's modernised version of "Salomé and John the Baptist"—all make one regret that so much talent, time, and colour should have been wasted on such trivial, if not repulsive, subjects. Several incidents of Bonaparte's campaigns in Egypt and Italy are the subjects of interesting pictures which attract the crowd. M. Munkacsy's able rendering of a workmen's meeting before a strike is very clever, and quite in touch with passing events.

It is needless to say that M. Bonnat contributes an official portrait of Président Félix Faure, which, though I may be accused of flattery, is the pleasantest looking President he has painted since the advent of the Third Republic. M. Bouguereau's portrait of himself is lifelike, and as much may be said of M. Bacchus' portrait of M. Ambroise Thomas. M. Jules Lemaire is portrayed by M. Weber, and M. François Coppée by M. Fournier. Mr. Orchardson's portrait of Sir James Thorntor is greatly admired. MM. Benjamin-Constant, Cormon, Doucet, Lefebvre, and other well-known *portraitistes*, are, as usual, brilliantly represented on the line. But M. Henner's simple, exquisitely painted portrait of a widow lady is the pearl of the Champs Elysées. Art can go no further than this.

Mr. Orchardson's "Salon de Mme. Récamier" is, of course, a great attraction. A really remarkable work is M. Tito Lessi's "Les Bibliophiles," which for minuteness of detail and perfection of finish might almost pass for a Meissonier. The "Deux Amis" (a dog and friendly cat) of M. Mahler, a rising *animatist*, is very clever, and shows great delicacy of touch; for

how few painters have succeeded in imitating the fluffy appearance of a cat's fur? Mr. Ridgeway-Knight's *payanne* gathering hawthorn blossoms is quite a May picture; and with what relief the tired visitor's eye rests on the landscapes and cattle scenes of Breton, François, Harpignies, Tanzi, and other familiar names. M. Gérôme's group of worshippers in a mosque is equal to his best work. But as much cannot be said of his small picture entitled "Mendacibus et histrionibus occisa in putoe jacet alma Veritas," in which he depicts naked Truth killed by Falsehood, her body flung into a well and the mirror after her, from which flashes of light are cast as it lightens the dark abyss.

The show of sculpture in the garden is, as usual, one of the most interesting features of the Salon: the exhibits are both numerous and excellent. M. Barrau's life-size statue, "Suzanne," is a remarkable, if somewhat realistic, study of the human form: the modelling is splendid, the attitude easy; one almost regrets that the sculptor has thought fit to tint his material, for polychromatic statues are seldom an improvement on the white purity of marble. M. Falguière has sent an elegant and aristocratic statue of Henri de Larochejaquelein, the Vendéan hero, and the bust of a pretty Parisienne. M. Charpentier's marble statue, "Illusion," is exquisite in form and execution; and M. Jean Hugues' "Un Potier" is the life-like representation of a potter at work. There are, of course, several Joans of Arc. First, M. Antonin Mercié's symbolical group, intended for the national monument at Domrémy, represents France personified by a tall female figure of careworn aspect, her *fleur de lis* mantle falling from her shoulders; she leans one hand on the frail form of the Pucelle, and with the other points to the horizon upon which the Maid's gaze is anxiously fixed while she drops the distaff to seize the sword. M. Lanson shows us Jean at the battle of Jargeau: her helmet has just been struck off her head, but undaunted, banner in one hand and sword in the other, she rushes into the thick of the fray. M. Paul Dubois, after fourteen years' study and various essays, has completed the bronze equestrian statue which is to be erected in front of the Cathedral of Rheims. It is a beautiful work of art. Jean is represented in armour on her charger in a visionary state; her eyes heavenwards, she seems to hear the Voices, while lifting high her sword she exclaims: "Rendez la place au roi du ciel et au gentil roi Charles et vous en allez, car autrement il vous arrivera malheur."

CECIL NICHOLSON.

**NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.**  
Now that the Royal Academy has opened its doors, the number of minor exhibitions diminishes. So far as we know, the only one to open next week is that of a number of military pictures at the Graves Galleries, in Pall Mall. Among them we may mention: "1815," by Mr. R. Caton Woodville; "Saving the Colours at Inkerman," by Mr. Robert Gibb; and "The Storming of the Cashmere Gate of Delhi," by Mr. Vereker M. Hamilton.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN announces for publication, on May 15, the first part of a work, entitled *The Paris Salon*, which will consist of four parts in all, each containing twenty-four plates.

THE frontispiece to Part 2 of Messrs. Cassell's *Royal Academy Pictures* will be a full-page reproduction of Sir J. E. Millais's "Speak! Speak!"

At the Royal Institution, on Saturday next, Mr. Seymour Lucas will deliver the first of two lectures on "Picture-making."

At the meeting of the Society of Arts on Wednesday next, Capt. W. de W. Abney will read a paper on "Means for mitigating the Fading of Pigments."

At the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, on Monday next, Mr. D. G. Hogarth, of Magdalen College, Oxford, will read a paper on his recent journey of archaeological exploration to the Upper Euphrates; and Mr. J. L. Myres, of the same college, will give an account of his journeys in the peninsula of Halicarnassus.

WE hear that the Yorkshire Philosophical Society is asking for subscriptions, in order to undertake the removal of some houses which obstruct the view of the fine old thirteenth century wall surrounding the precincts of St. Mary's Abbey.

THE centenary of Corot's birth is to be celebrated by an exhibition of his works in Paris, which will be opened on May 23, and also by the erection of a monument in the Parc Monceau.

THE Académie des Inscriptions has nominated M. Chamond, a former member of the French School at Athens, for the gold medal annually awarded by the Société des Architectes Français.

WE quote from the New York *Nation* the following letter by Prof. Charles Waldstein, dated Argos, March 28:

"As I write, I sit on the walls of the second temple of Hera (of the fifth century B.C.), while the men are massed on the slope below, to the south, where, last year, we found the first indications of a large building between twenty and thirty feet beneath the foundation walls of the second temple. As we wished to lose no time this year, Mr. J. C. Hoppin (Harvard, 1893), together with our architect, Mr. E. L. Tilton, of New York city, and Mr. T. W. Heermann (Yale, 1893), began excavating a week ago, and carried on the work very successfully before my arrival here. The building below the south slope of the second temple promises to be one of the finest of the eleven buildings we have already discovered on this most favourable site. Of the north wall, which is of the best Greek masonry, four courses are standing. We have already followed it up for more than a hundred feet, and have not yet come to the end. The pillar bases in the centre are all *in situ*. On one of these last year a drum of the column was still standing, and we have since discovered two others. Here Mr. Hoppin found some well-preserved large fragments of the metopes from the second temple, together with two heads in excellent preservation, one of which (a warrior with a helmet) fits the neck of a fragment of a metope with the greater part of the torso. If our good fortune continues, we shall be able to present fine specimens of metopes of this temple, which is second only to the Parthenon in artistic importance. The grant of the Archaeological Institute and (above all) the liberality of Mrs. J. W. Clark, of Pomfret, Conn., enable us to carry this season's work to a termination without the worries of cramped means."

### THE STAGE.

#### "A STORY OF WATERLOO" AND "DON QUIXOTE" AT THE LYCEUM.

MR. HENRY IRVING has added another to his long list of striking impersonations. The profound impression created on the large and brilliant audience, which assembled at the Lyceum on Saturday evening, by his performance of Corporal Gregory Brawsted, in "A Story of Waterloo," was as natural as it was deserved. Rarely has so subtle a study of old age been presented on the stage; but to such delineations Mr. Irving has accustomed us. Perhaps the true secret of his success lay in the constant suggestion of the old man's ruling passion no whit weakened by decrepitude or ap-

proaching death. There is always something that appeals to human nature in the idea of the old war-horse still snorting and pawing the ground at the hint of battle, and of this feeling Mr. Irving knows how to take full advantage.

Dr. Conan Doyle's little play is of course slight, but even in the hands of less admirable exponents it would please by its simplicity and fidelity to nature. The old Corporal is not idealised; he remains the soldier to the last, and no passages were better relished by the audience of Saturday than those in which the veteran insists that, of the Bible, "Joshua or nothing" shall be read to him, and irritably rejects his grand-niece's suggestion that it will be all peace in the next world. Not that an occasional note of beauty and pathos is wanting. There was something very moving in the idea of the old straggler left behind when all his comrades, from colonel to drummer-boy, had marched on to the muster above.

Mr. Irving's impersonation of the veteran left, as we have implied, nothing to be desired. The garrulity of old age, its constant reiterations, its restlessness and querulousness, yet with its peace and—if we may so say—"aptness," were admirably portrayed. Not less faithful was the actor's representation of the physical aspect of senility: in face, gait, gesture, and voice the old man was before us.

Miss Annie Hughes and Mr. Fuller Mellish lent Mr. Irving admirable support. Less can be said for Mr. Ben Webster, who seemed ill-suited in his part, and, consequently, ill at ease.

As affording Mr. Irving an opportunity for the display of very remarkable versatility, the production of the late W. S. Wills's "Don Quixote" was, no doubt, well-timed. Whether the experiment of dramatising part of Cervantes' story is a successful one is another question. Those who have learned to love the Knight of La Mancha in the pages of Cervantes may be tempted to think that it is best to leave him there. There are some characters in literature that appear to lose in dramatic representation; and of these, we venture to think, Don Quixote is a notable example. The Knight belongs to the realm of imagination, and when brought down to strut his little hour upon the boards seems vulgarised—nay, even slightly ridiculous. The dreamer and student, whose love of the old order has bewitched him into a belief in its actual existence, appears on the stage a foolish, crack-brained fellow; the lovableness and simple dignity which never abandon Don Quixote in the novel have somehow evaporated, and we hover between amusement and—shall we say?—mortification. The episodes selected for representation are no doubt those most dramatically telling, but they are also inevitably farcical in effect; and the result to the spectator is not unmixed satisfaction.

None the less is Mr. Irving's appearance in the part a notable one. It is always interesting to follow a great actor's reading of an immortal character, and to certain features of that character Mr. Irving gives finished expression. The dreaminess, the unconsciousness of ridicule, the simple good faith and courage, are all there. But to place the Don Quixote of Cervantes in worthy guise upon the stage is a task in which even Mr. Irving fails. Everything that skill, knowledge, and eye to dramatic effect could do has been lavished upon the play. A word of praise is also due to the humour of Mr. Johnson's Sancho Panza.

The first item of the triple bill was "Bygones," a specimen of Mr. Pinero's early work, in which Miss Annie Hughes and Mr. Valentine did good service. R. O.

## MUSIC.

## RECENT CONCERTS.

THE Albert Hall Choral Society closed their season last Thursday week with a performance of "The Creation." The vocalists, Mme. Albani and Messrs. Lloyd and Black, were all in good voice, and the choir sang splendidly. There was a large audience. To many Haydn's Oratorio seems old-fashioned, out-of-date; but one is apt to forget that in matters of art tastes differ, and, again, that the majority of the public enjoy most works with which they have been familiar from youth upwards. We write as if the composer was the sole attraction at the Albert Hall; the vocalists and Sir J. Barnby's choir, however, must, of course, also be taken into account.

Mr. Bispham gave a Brahms' concert on Tuesday afternoon, May 7, the anniversary of the composer's birth. He was able not only to fill his programme with good things, but to present songs seldom heard. As a song-writer, Brahms stands by the side of Schubert and Schumann, the two masters who, from the commencement of his career, have exercised so strong an influence over him. Brahms has never sought to escape from or hide that double influence. It would indeed be difficult, nay impossible, for him to do either the one or the other, for he has become what he is by assimilation, and not by imitation. Like his predecessors, he has contributed much to song-literature, and, like them, he has never wasted his strength on worthless poetry. The songs of Brahms often find their way on to concert programmes; but Mr. Bispham, by this anniversary concert, has reminded us that the mine is far from exhausted. In the first group of songs, his dramatic rendering of "Verrath" deserves special mention. He also sang three fine numbers from the "Schöne Magelone" series. Mrs. Henschel and Miss Agnes Janson both took part in the concert. The former was not in quite her best form. The latter sang Op. 91, Nos. 1 and 2, with viola accompaniment (Señor Arbos). Both numbers are interesting, but two songs offering greater contrast would have been preferable. Two Trios, with accompaniment of horns and harp, were sung by the ladies of the Magpie Minstrels. The Trio in E flat for pianoforte, violin, and harp, was excellently performed by Miss Davies and Messrs. Arbos and Paersch. Miss Davies played solos: the G minor Ballad was interpreted with energy, and the Intermezzo in A with delicacy. The pianist was, however, less successful in her rendering of the B minor Capriccio. The concert concluded with vocal Quartets, sung by Mrs. Henschel, Miss Janson, and Messrs. Shakespeare and Bispham. It would be gross injustice not to mention Mr. Henry Bird. On the programme he was styled, as usual, an accompanist, a term which gives a feeble idea of the important service which he rendered on the pianoforte. A special word ought to be coined for men such as Mr. Henschel or Mr. Bird, who can co-operate with the singer in revealing the beauties of the Lieder of Schubert, Schumann, and Brahms.

Herr Willy Burmester, whose extraordinary performance of a Paganini Concerto at a recent Philharmonic concert created such a sensation, gave an orchestral concert at St. James's Hall on Monday. He played Spohr's seventh Concerto in an able manner; the slow movement, especially, was delivered with much breadth and charm. It was, however, a pity that he chose that work, in place of the Mendelssohn Concerto first announced. Spohr has fine movements, but he is often dull or trivial. Herr Burmester's rendering of Saint-Saëns' clever "Rondo Capriccioso" was good, yet it lacked French delicacy. In an air by Bach, his tone was rich. The violinist once again exhibited his technical powers in an old-fashioned Faust Fantasia by

Wieniawski, and the Paganini-Burmester "Hexentanz." During the evening his intonation was at times faulty; but this may be accounted for by our pitch, to which he is not yet accustomed. Of Herr Burmester's great powers as an executant there is not the slightest question; but we have yet to hear what he can do as an interpreter of Bach and Beethoven.

A concert was given by Herr Alfred Oberländer and Herr Alfred Krasselt at Prince's Hall on Wednesday evening. The latter, leader of the Munich Philharmonic Orchestra, is an able violinist. His performance of Spohr's Adagio from the ninth Concerto was highly satisfactory as to both tone and taste; while in the "Perpetuum Mobile" of Ries he displayed technical powers of a high order. A "Romance" by Svendsen was delicately performed; but in Hubay's Csarda-Scenen he seemed somewhat fatigued. We did not hear his first piece, a movement from Paganini's Concerto in D. Herr Oberländer is a tenor, with a good voice, though apparently not under perfect control. He sang the "Spring Song" from "Die Walküre," and a pleasing Aria from Berlioz's "Benvenuto Cellini." Both pieces naturally suffered through having only a pianoforte accompaniment. Why cannot vocalists select songs suitable for a concert-room? They cannot plead lack of material. Pianoforte arrangements of Symphonies, useful enough in their way, are never played at concerts; and neither ought songs, in which the orchestra plays something more than the part of a big guitar, to be given with pianoforte accompaniment.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

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